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Something Hot.

The pavements are all hissing hot,
The sky above is brazen,
And every head as good as dead
The sun can set its rays on.

The lean, lank-looking skeletons
Go stalking pale and gloomy;
Fat men, like melting lumps of lead,
Send hotter fancies through me.

I wake from dreams of Polar ice,
And wish myself where Hall is,
Or any other frozen place
That on this red-hot ball is.

Peace.

As a tale that is told, as a vision,
Forgive and forget; for I say
That the true shall enjoy the derision
Of the false till the full of the day.

Ay, forgive as you would be forgiven;
Ay, forget, less the ill you have done
Be remembered against you in Heaven
And all the days under the sun.

For who shall have bread without labor?
And who shall have rest without price?
And who shall hold war with his neighbor
With promise of peace with the Christ?

The years may lay hand on fair Heaven;
May place and displace the red stars,
May stain them, as blood stains are driven
At sunset in beautiful bars:

May shroud them in black till they fret us
As clouds with their showers of tears;
May grind us to dust and forget us,
May the years, O, the pitiless years!

The precepts of Christ are beyond them;
The truths by the Nazarene taught,
With the tramp of the ages upon them,
They endure as though ages were naught;

The deserts may drink up the fountains,
The forest give place to the plain;
The main may give place to the mountains,
The mountains return to the main.

Mutations of worlds and mutations
Of suns may take place, but the reign
Of Time and the toils and vexations
Bequeath them, no, never a stain.

Go forth to the fields as one sowing,
Sing songs and be glad as you go,
There are seeds that take root without growing,
And bear some fruit whether or no.

And the sun shall shine sooner or later,
Though the midnight breaks ground on the morn,
Then appeal you to Christ, the Creator,
And to gray-bearded Time, His first-born.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE MISTAKE ABOUT BARRATT.

One day in early winter, some years ago, I was walking up the main street of Stamton, a town with which I was entirely unacquainted, never having visited it before. I knew of but two persons living in the town, and of the personal appearance of one of these I had no recollection, not having seen him for twelve or fifteen years. The other I did not remember ever having met. My presence in the place was caused by peculiar circumstances.

My father, a country clergyman, dying when I was but eighteen, left me the village home in which I was born. I remained there with my mother and sisters, only leaving when it became necessary for me to attend medical lectures in a distant city. I was but twenty-two when I graduated, and with an extensive country acquaintance I hoped and expected to soon build up a thriving practice.

In less than a year after I had put up my little tin plate upon the front gate, I did a very foolish thing. I indorsed a note for an old schoolfellow, who was starting in the drygoods business, in our village. The note was for three thousand dollars, payable in nine months, and was held by a man who resided at a distant place, I knew not where.

This person, Samuel Bingham, had accepted my indorsement on the strength of a letter I had written and given to Claxton (my school-friend), in which I stated my property was worth five thousand dollars. Bingham stated that he had known my father when he was in the habit of visiting our village, and that he also knew me, and so was satisfied with the indorsement.

When Claxton returned from his successful negotiation, and told me that Bingham (who I supposed was a farmer) remembered me, I was surprised; but as my father used to have a great many visitors, it was no wonder that I did not recollect them all.

But three months after that Claxton had an opportunity of buying for cash some auction goods at extraordinary low rates. He borrowed one thousand dollars, on another note at three months, with my indorsement!

Before one month had elapsed, Claxton was entirely broken up by the rascality of a much older man, whom he had taken in as his partner; and when the thousand-dollar note fell due, I could not pay it, and my place was sold. It brought under the hammer fifteen hundred dollars! That beautiful old house, with its lawn, its gardens and meadow—worth, as I had often been assured, five thousand dollars, now sold for just enough to pay this wretched note, to take my poor mother and sister to the home of a maternal aunt in the city, and to enable me to take board in a distant village, and there to endeavor in an humble manner, to build up a practice. I might have staid among our friends, but subsequent occurrences made this unpleasant even to think of.

Bingham, hearing of the failure and the sale, came to our village, one day while I was in the city, and finding that, when his bill came due, there would be absolutely nothing for him, fell into a tremendous rage, which was visited principally upon me. I was a scoundrel and a cheat to indorse another note, and one, too, which cut out his; and to all the representations of my friends that I had thought my property fully equal to the payment of both notes, if it became necessary, he gave not the slightest credence.

When I returned, he had left; but I heard all this story, and soon found that many persons believed that I had treated Bingham very badly; and that, if he carried out his threat of making me pay for this at some future day, he would be but serving me exactly right. So I set up my sign in the village of S——, and I now had been practicing for nearly six years. My sister was married, and my mother was living with her, in the city.

As a matter of course, I had not lived so long as this without falling in love, and if you had seen Annie Tange, you would not have been surprised at the fact. Her father, the squire of the village, had long been my friend, but I proposed for her hand, eighteen months before the time at which I commence my story, he had told me plainly that, although I had a good practice, and had, what was for a physician of my age, a very fair balance in bank, he could never consent to his daughter's marriage to a man who did not own a horse to which to take her. Accordingly, being very much in love, and not of the most patient disposition, I bought a house and lot in the village—a foolish piece of business; for, during the two months that I had owned it, I had been in continual fear that Bingham would hear of it, and make his threatened descent upon me.

Claxton, who was now in business in the west, and with whom I kept up a correspondence, had urged me not to think of paying Bingham, as he would be fully able to settle the debt himself in a reasonable time; and as this was entirely just, I had given myself no further thought about the matter, until I had bought my house, and then I thought a great deal more about it than was pleasant.

Now, however, it wanted but one month of being six years from the time the note had fallen due, and then, by the laws of my State, the debt would be outlawed, and I would be safe. In two months we were to be married, and in one month I was safe! And this safety meant a great deal; for, if Bingham should come down upon my real estate, and also bring all the obloquy upon me which such action would certainly occasion, my career at S—— was at an end, and my marriage would be very indefinitely postponed, to say the least.

Two days before this early winter day of which I write, I had received a letter from my father's brother, William. It had been directed to me at our old home, had been sent to my mother in the city, and been forwarded by her to me; for, as I corresponded with no one in the old place, and had been in the city some months before coming here, the postmaster did not know my address. The letter was consequently three weeks old. It was written from Stamton, and read as follows:

"DEAR GEORGE: For ten years I have not written to any of your family. I need not disguise the fact that when your father died I had no other tie to any of you. But I have heard lately that you have embraced my profession, and are practicing, I suppose, in the old village. Now, I am growing old, and shall soon give up work (either with or without my own free will,) and it might reasonably be supposed that I would surrender to you, the only other doctor in the family, and my brother's son, my practice. But I am much opposed to bringing strangers into a circle of patients, if it can be avoided, and I have a young assistant, who is better qualified than any one else to take my place. Besides, you are far better where you are. But it may, perhaps, be in my power to help you in some other way; and, at any rate, I would be very glad if you can get off for a few days, for you to pay me a visit. It is to invite you to do this that I now write to you. Your affectionate uncle,

"WILLIAM BARRATT."

When I got this letter, I determined to start off directly, and on my way I stopped in the city to see my mother. I had left my practice in charge of a brother physician, residing a few miles from the village, and consequently, feeling easy in regard to the matter, I thought of spending a day or two in the city before seeing my uncle. But my mother strongly opposed this.

"Your uncle William," said she, "is a strange person, and although I never liked him, and was probably the cause of his estranging himself so entirely from us, I must admit that he frequently behaved in a very kind manner to your dear father. And he never promised anything, either, but some trifling help—which often in the days when your father was struggling to get along, was of the greatest value. He paid the mortgage off the old house, as a Christmas gift, before you were born. You may depend that if he wishes to see you, he intends to do something handsome for you, and you should not lose another hour; especially as the letter is three weeks old now. I am very certain that you will remind him, as soon as he sees you, of his brother; but I hope you will not meet that Bingham."

Until this I had not known that Bingham lived in that town, but, nevertheless, I set off immediately for my uncle's home, and found myself, as I before stated, walking up the main street of Stamton, looking for the corner of Elm Avenue. As few of the streets had their names posted up, I was about to step into a store to ask for information, when a large man, with a heavy red beard, passed me, then stopped, and stepping back, put his hand on my shoulder, and said: "Your name is Barratt?"

I stopped, utterly astounded. Was this Bingham? Should I deny the birthright of my name, or admit it, and stand ruined from that moment? But suppose it was one of my uncle's family, a denial would be a pretty piece of business, for, apart from the meanness of such a thing, what good would it have done?

All this, which it takes so long to write, passed very quickly through my brain, but still it caused a hesitation, very perceptible.

"Why, it is Barrett," said the man.

"Of course it is," said I, for I could no longer refrain from acknowledging the fact; "but I must say, sir, that I am not acquainted with yours."

"Don't you remember Jim Coleman?" said he, taking my hand and shaking it heartily.

Jim Coleman, indeed!

Jim had been a schoolmate of mine (much older, however, than me), with whom I had always been a favorite, and who had got me out of many a scrape.

The revulsion of feeling was so great, that for a moment I could not speak; but, then, I gave him a much heartier greeting than I fear he would have received under any other circumstances.

"Trying to find Dr. Barrat, eh?—your uncle. Well, I never knew that. I'll show you; but you must stop in at my place first. It's all on the way. Turn right around this way."

And, taking my arm, he led me off in the opposite direction to which I had been going. On the way he informed me that he had been settled in this place for about three years as Conveyancer and real estate agent, and that he was doing very well, and had a large and useful acquaintance in the town.

When we were seated in his back office, talking over old times, I happened to think that this large acquaintance of his might be of no use to me if Bingham was included among them, and he thus learned my location and condition. I therefore told Coleman, as an old friend, my whole story, and the fears I had had in coming to this dangerous town.

"You never saw Bingham, then?" said he; "never were in his office?"

"No," said I; "I never saw him to know him, and certainly was never in his office."

"Well," said Coleman, "you're in it now."

I fairly jumped at he said this, and Jim laughed immoderately.

"Why," he asked, "didn't you see the sign as you came in?—'J. R. Coleman, late Samuel Bingham & Co.'"

"Late?" I cried.

"Yes; he's been dead this three years and I bought out his business. As to Claxton's note, I paid the heirs twenty-five dollars for that, among a lot of other bad papers. You can have it for what it cost me, and if Claxton can pay to the old man's folks the whole amount, with interest, he ought to do it."

I bought the note instantly, and was of the opinion that Claxton should take my friend's advice. I was also of the opinion that the sky was very blue, the air fine and invigorating, the naked trees truly beautiful, and all Nature (and Art, too, for that matter) perfectly charming. When I left Coleman (a splendid fellow, always coming in just when I wanted him,) he still had the remains of the laughing tears in his eyes; and my uncle must have thought I was a fine, lively, and thoroughly good-humored fellow, for he used his pen and paper so handsomely, after my departure, that I now visit my patients behind a three-minute horse, and Annie is the leader of the fashions in our village.

Over 200 New England spinsters went to Utah last month in search of fractional matrimony

The Walworth Tragedy.

Mr. Charles O'Conor's Plea for Acquittal.

Dr. Gray was the closing witness for the defence, advancing the theory that epilepsy is a fruitful source of homicidal frenzy, and supporting Mr. O'Conor's hypothesis that the prisoner was, under the circumstances, irresponsible by an affirmative answer to the hypothetical question. Several witnesses were then called by the District-Attorney in rebuttal, including the murdered man's publisher and several physicians, who drew widely different inferences from young Walworth's conduct from those of Dr. Gray. Mr. O'Conor then summed up for the defence, speaking very rapidly for several hours, and making an earnest plea for the parricide's life. The unpleasant weather prevented the usual large attendance of spectators when the Court opened; but toward the middle of the day the number increased until every seat was occupied. The interest that has centered in the fate of the youthful prisoner since the first day of the trial has not abated in the least.

Mr. O'Conor in summing up for the defence contended that the killing was neither a gross, vulgar murder nor a parricide; that if any offence was committed it was not marked with circumstances of premeditation and malice. It was not the first time that a child had slain his parent, but he trusted they would not find he had wickedly killed his father. He invited their attention to the Thursday previous to the shooting, when told that his uncle wished him to go abroad. Considering himself the sole protector of his mother, he said he would think about it. The belief was no doubt present in his mind that he would in some way arrange the matter. Was there anything in his acts tending to show that he meant to get his father in his small room, shoot him and go on a trip to Europe? He went to New York, called at his father's and, not finding him in, left a note for him.

A sort of fatality attended the father's course. Had he reached home reasonably early he would have got the letter and seen his son in the evening. But he gets up before sunrise and goes to the hotel. His son did not expect him for he was sound asleep. Mr. O'Conor reviewed the testimony of the killing, and then came to the prisoner's declaration to Coroner Young. The gaze of policemen and others was apt to lead them, not intentionally, but none the less injuriously, to warp the truth. The prisoner only meant that he came "to settle the family difficulty," and the Coroner understood that that was all that was meant. The father's violence was discussed. Frank never knew him as a parent, had never received the recognition or care which builds up in children those feelings whose violation by such a deed makes us shudder. Could he possibly honor such a father? Mansfield Tracy Walworth was the exact opposite of all the other members of the Chancellor's family. From him Frank inherited a predisposition to insanity; and his father's conduct, along with certain physical injuries he had received, drove him into epilepsy. Mr. O'Conor quoted various authorities to show that no man could be guilty of a crime without willing and intending to do it. If there was a doubt in the case, in view of the good character of the prisoner, the doubt belonged to him. The District Attorney was bound to prove that death occurred by the act of the prisoner, knowingly and intentionally done. Under the Roman law Mansfield Tracy Walworth was a parricide at heart when he longed for the death of his wife and children.

There was no need of any reasoning to children to prevent their slaying their fathers. There was not a single case on record where a child had wickedly killed its father. He could only recall the stories of Œdipus, Orestes, and Beatrice Cenci, besides a case in Scotland some hundreds of years ago, where a son was convicted on the evidence of his father's blood flowing when he drew near, and where a poor woman was convicted on merely circumstantial evidence, and died protesting her innocence. He appealed to them, in view of the purity of this boy's life, his love for his mother, his high and noble character, not to stain the annals of the State by a declaration that this boy had wickedly and designedly committed this fearful crime of parricide.

Riches and Pleasures.

These truths are well illustrated in the anecdote told some years ago of two men who were conversing about John Jacob Astor's property. Some one asked if he would be willing to take care of the millionaire's property—ten or fifteen millions of dollars—merely for his board and clothing? "No!" was the indignant answer. "Do you take me for a fool?" "Well," rejoined the other, "that's all Mr. Astor himself gets for for taking care of it; he's *found*, and that's all. The houses, the warehouses, the ships, the farms, which he counts by the hundreds, and is often obliged to take care of, are for the accommodation of others." "But then he has the income, the rents of all his large property, five or six hundred thousand dollars per annum." "Yes; but he can do nothing with this income but build *more* houses and warehouses and ships, or loan money on mortgages, for the convenience of others. He's *found*, and you can make nothing else out of it."

If a rich man wishes to be healthy, says Sir William Temple, he must live like poor one. Isaak Walton tell us that there are as many troubles on the other side of riches as on this, and that the cares which are the keys of riches hang heavily at the rich man's girdle. How many men, on reaching the pinnacle of wealth, find, as they look down on their money-bags, that they have only purchased one set of enjoyments by the loss of another equally desirable? "Do you remember, Bridget," writes Charles Lamb, with a tender retrospect to his poverty, "when you and I laughed at the play from the shilling gallery? There are no good plays to laugh at now from the boxes." Many Sir Epicure Mammon, as he sits down with jaded appetite to his lobster salad and champagne, thinks with keen regret of the simple repasts which titilated his palate when he was poor. The great railway king, Hudson, feasted with dukes and duchesses in their big house at Albert Gate, looked back with many a sigh to the days when they ate sausages for supper in the little back parlor behind their paltry shop in the city of York.

Nothing in the abstract seems easier than to get pleasure out of money; yet to many persons nothing is apparently more difficult. It seems delightful to be able to buy every thing you wish, without a thought of the cost; yet who does not see that the pleasure must pall in the degree that there is no difficulty?

Dr. Holmes, being asked by a young physician what sign to put on his door, replied, "The smallest fevers gratefully received."

An exhibition is announced in Paris of specimens of the art of "paddling," and of other methods whereby artificial beauty and unreal charms are successfully imposed upon credulous and devoted men.

Utah and the Mormons.

What Bishop Sharpe has to say About Both.

Bishop Sharpe, of Salt Lake city, U. T., one of the leading lights of the Mormon community, now in New York city, talked with a reporter of the *World* about the present condition of the Mormon Church and the present condition of Salt Lake city and the adjoining territory. Bishop Sharpe said that everything was progressing very rapidly and satisfactorily throughout the country, their Church was steadily increasing, and the country was becoming fully developed. Every day brought some new discovery of larger or smaller mines of silver, gold, and lead, and capitalists and workmen were taking up their residence in various parts of the country. In answer to the report that Brigham Young was about to resign the presidency of the Mormon Church, the Bishop said there was no truth whatever in the rumor, but that it sprung from the following action of Young: Several months ago Mr. Young, being overtaxed with work and having attained the age of seventy-two years on the 1st of last June, determined to give up the offices of President of the Utah Central Railroad, the Utah Southern Bank, the Mercantile Institution, and other offices to which he had been elected. He had no idea of giving up the head of his Church; but would remain in that position until he died. All the above institutions parted with Mr. Young reluctantly and allowed him to nominate his own successor to each of the offices.

The present population of Salt Lake city is 25,000, and throughout the Territory the increase of population has been immense during the past twelve months. In reference to mining operations, Bishop Sharpe observed that a large number of miners, both American and English, had gone there, and also gentlemen who held large fortunes and who wished to work some of the later discoveries. A new mine, very rich, he understood, had just been discovered in Mono, and a number of Californian capitalists had purchased it on speculation for $450,000 gold. Manufactories of all descriptions were being built by New York and other merchants; refineries were being constantly erected, the largest one being that of Messrs. Billings, of New York, who sent silver to this city at 99 proof. Churches—Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Methodist—were also established throughout the Territory; but the best of feeling existed between the Mormon people and those who had come to reside with them. Indeed, according to the Bishop, scarcely anything desirable is lacking at Salt Lake city.

Gen. Cass and John Guy.

Guy bore a striking resemblance to Gen. Lewis Cass, and while he was proprietor of the National Hotel in Washington, the Michigan Senator was among his favored guests. Guy dressed like Cass, and although not as portly, his face, including the wart, was strangely similar. One day a Western friend of the house came in after a long ride, dusty and tired, and, walking up to the office, encountered Gen. Cass who was quitely standing there. Mistaking him for Guy, he slapped him on the shoulder, and exclaimed: "Well, old fellow, here I am; the last time I hung my hat up in your shanty, one of your clerks sent me to the fourth story; but now that I have got hold of you, I insist upon a lower room."

The General, a most dignified personage, taken aback by the startling salute, coldly replied: "You have committed a mistake, sir. I am not Mr. Guy; I am General Cass, of Michigan," and angrily turned away. The Western man was shocked at the unconscious outrage he had committed; but before he had recovered from his mortification, Gen. Cass, who had passed around the office, confronted him again, when, a second time mistaking him for Guy, he faced him and said: "Here you are at last. I have just made a devil of a mistake; I met old Cass and took him for you, and I am afraid the Michigander has gone off mad." What General Cass would have said may well be imagined, if the real Guy had not approached and rescued the innocent offender from the twice-assailed and twice-angered Statesman.—*From Anecdotes of Public Men by John Forney.*

Novel Way to Raise the Wind.

A prominent citizen of Detroit is the father of two mischievous lads, aged about twelve and six years. The boys had embarked in some speculation or frolic, and to complete their arrangements an expenditure of about fifty cents was necessary. They made application to *pater familias*, in proper form, but were not successful in raising the requisite currency in that quarter. They set their wits to work. The fractional currency they must have, and to raise it this novel expedient was hit upon: A sack was procured and the street anxiously watched for the "rag-man." In due time the accumulator of defunct apparrel made his appearance. The younger hopeful was speedily disposed in the sack, the mouth tied, and this bundle of animated rags being duly weighed was disposed of for the sum of sixty cents. But here one of those accidents that always will happen at the wrong time, marred the whole clever scheme of the lads. The bundle was roughly pitched into the junk dealer's wagon. In its fall it came in contact with a piece of old iron. Suddenly there was a scramble, and a squall issued from the interior of the sack. A lively panic ensued. The elder lad scampered off with his ill-gotten gain, with the rag-man in hot pursuit. The money was recovered, the lad in the sack issued forth whimpering about his bruises, the man who so nearly escaped being the victim drove off; the boys retired, no doubt meditating on the poet's proverb: "The best laid schemes of mice and men (and boys) gang aft aglee."

A Fatal Prescription.

The evil often produced by the injudicious prescription of intoxicating liquors for patients has recently been forcibly illustrated in Springfield, Mass., as the *Republican* of that city says: "A man who three years ago was a confirmed drunkard, owing to a strong influence which was brought to bear upon him, abandoned his old habits, became a sober and industrious man, and was given the position of floor-walker and general superintendent in one of the largest dry goods houses in that city. Three months ago he left to visit his friends in Scotland, and (as he expressed it) to show them what a man he had made of himself. So eloquently did he urge the temperance cause at his old home in Scotland that his family abandoned the habit of placing wines on the dining table. This gentleman started a few weeks ago to return to this city, and was taken sick on the home voyage. His physician prescribed some kind of liquor, the taste brought back the old appetite, and he has been beastly drunk much of the time since. He is now at home, but entirely unfit for business, and his friends in their despair talk of taking him to an inebriate asylum.

Hog cholera has appeared in Illinois, and the people are becoming alarmed.

Russian Policy in Asia.

How Central Asia is being Gradually Eaten Up by the Russians—Why Russia so Easily Conquers this Territory.

Thos. Knox in a magazine article on the encroachment of the Russians into Central Asia, says: It is the fate of the Asiatics to be in perpetual quarrels, and that greatly favored the Russian schemes. Now the Emir of Bokhara was at war with Khokan, next there would be trouble between Khiva and Bokhara, and again Khokan and Khiva would be at each other's ears. Unruly sons made unpleasant family jars, and subordinate heads of tribes were constantly in revolt. Not a year passed without expeditions of some sort, and frequently there might be a dozen of them in as many months. The ruler might go out to chastise a refractory neighbor, leaving his son or brother as regent during his absence. Every thing would be serene at his departure, but on his return, especially if he came back defeated, he would very likely find the gates of his city closed against him, and the regent converted into an actual ruler. Sometimes a commander would go over to the enemy, and sometimes the enemy would go over to him. Assassination was not uncommon, and occasionally an ambitious son, tired of waiting for his father to die, would administer poison to the old gentleman, or insert a knife into his jugular vein. Every occupant of or heir to a throne was anxious to achieve the fame of Gengis-Khan or Timour, and become a "World Conqueror," and was rarely fastidious about the means of achieving it. And so it went on year after year, and the wily Muscovite watched his opportunities, and never neglected to embrace them too.

In 1826 there died at Bokhara (city) Emir Said, and immediately after his death his son Husein ascended the throne, and became Khan. His younger brother Nasrullah was ambitious of honor, and so he caused Husein to be poisoned, after a reign of less than three months. Another brother, Omar, came into the field as a claimant, naturally thinking that he had as good a right to steal a throne as any body else. Nasrullah captured Samarcand, and then marched upon Bokhara, which he besieged and took. Omar fled to Khokan, where he died of cholera soon after. Nasrullah was determined to have peace, and so he executed in cold blood three of his younger brothers and a great number of the adherents of his former rivals. This was sufficient to secure the quiet which he so much desired, and he announced that he was determined to follow in the footsteps of his father—whom, by-the-way, he was suspected of having poisoned—and make the happiness of his subjects and the strict supervision of religious observances the great object of his life. He was a pious old scoundrel, and while indulging in the greatest atrocities he always prated about his love of Islamism and his reverence for the Prophet of God. He made his ministers faithful to him by helping them to amass fortunes, but as soon as they had gained a sufficient amount of this world's goods he ordered them to be beheaded, and appropriated the property to himself. He was a model family man, as he had a facetious practice of murdering his wives whenever he tired of them, and consequently was not regarded as a "good catch" in the matrimonial line. He kept a secret police so numerous and so watchful that nobody dared say any thing against him to his most intimate friend, and it is said that at one time a man dared not even think any thing except good of the emir. He had all the vices that were ever possessed by any ruler since the days of Adam in any country on the face of the globe, and the story of his indulgences would hardly be suited to the pages of any modern publication. Those who offended him were burned in ovens, flayed alive, flung from towers, or otherwise disposed of. One of his favorite entertainments was to bind a victim hand and foot, and then throw him into a cell or box which contained many thousands of sheep-ticks. The sufferings of the poor wretch would be horrible beyond description.

It was while Nasrullah occupied the throne that Russia, having absorbed the wide region between Bokhara and the valleys of the Obi and Yenisei, made her appearance on the borders of his territory. While occupied in the most disgraceful profligacy and tyranny, Nasrullah had been constantly at war—now with Khiva, now with Khokan, and now with various tribes and divisions of his own subjects. Though no man in his reach dared breathe a word against him, his power had been greatly weakened, and his subjects were discontented with his rule. He had sent several expeditions against Khokan, and though some of them were successful, the majority were defeated or given up through treachery.

While one of the expeditions was returning defeated from Khokan, and another from Khiva, Nasrullah heard that the Russian outposts were on the right bank of the Jaxartes, a river forming the northern boundary of Bokhara, and flowing into the Aral Sea. Russia had several times attempted to negotiate with him, and had sent embassadors with valuable presents, but in every case he treated the embassadors with disrespect, and sometimes threw them into prison. Two English embassadors, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Connolly, went to Bokhara, and were murdered by the emir, the former after four years' imprisonment, during which he was frequently tortured, and the latter, more fortunate, after an imprisonment of about a year. Stoddart was at one time promised his freedom if he would accept Islamism, and to save his life he consented. But the treacherous emir continued to torture him, and on the 17th of June, 1842, according to the account given by M. Arminius Vambery, the two victims were ordered out for execution in the open square of Bokhara.

First the head of Stoddart was struck off. Then the executioner paused before Connolly, and the emir told him his life would be spared if he would embrace the faith of Islam. "No," said Connolly; "I prefer to die. Stoddart became a Mohammedan, and still you have executed him. Complete your work."

As Nasrullah advanced in years he seems to have become more bloodthirsty than in his youth, if such a thing were possible. He fancied that conspiracies were going on around him, and consequently he doomed hundreds to death. While in his last illness news reached him that his brother-in-law, who had long been in open revolt, had captured one of his fortresses. Hardly able to speak, he commanded that his wife should be brought to his bedside. She begged for mercy, but the dying tyrant could not be moved. With his last words he ordered that she should be beheaded, and he drew his final breath while gazing on the blood which flowed from her headless trunk. He died in 1860, after a reign of thirty-four years.

Dr. F. W. Lacey, of Connecticut, reported the loss of a package containing something over $40,000 in money and several valuable papers, at the Sherman House, Chicago, recently. Much search was made, and one morning the head night watchman found it in the reading room, where it had lain undisturbed.

The Clerkship Mania.

A few days since a gentleman in a Western city had inserted in the *Morning News* an advertisement for "A clerk, salary moderate," and the same day received thirty-six applications for the position, which number was greatly increased the two following days. These applications were from youths, young men, and even middle-aged men, many of whom were willing to work for a salary just sufficient to pay their board. This is only an isolated case; during the past six months many such have occurred, but one is sufficient for our illustration. We regret to say that these are bad omens, showing the tendency of the young men of the times. All are after "clerkships," no matter what the compensation, the advantages of promotion—anything to get behind a counter. Now, under the most favorable circumstances, in five cases out of six, what does a clerkship mean? To be brief, it means always a clerk, and never a principal. The best way is to start right in your career with the world—to commence by acquiring a knowledge of some business in which you can rise to a position of honor and independence. Enter into it with an ambition and the determination to make a success, and with average talents, industry, energy, and self-reliance, you will not fail. To whom are we indebted for our greatest and most useful inventions? The intelligent, industrious mechanic.

A brief sketch will aptly illustrate the general fate of seekers of clerkships.

A young man enters a store, or an office, at a salary of four or five hundred dollars a year; in a few years, by close attention to the business of his employer, he may be able to command a thousand or twelve hundred dollars a year. Whether he receives five hundred or a thousand dollars a year makes no difference, as a general rule, in the amount he saves. He must "keep up appearances," and as he advances in his position, he finds that his personal expenses are also increasing. Finally, after years of hard labor and oftentimes of faithful, honest services, he is without warning thrown out of employment. "Business is dull, and we can't afford to keep you any longer," is the only satisfaction he gets, as he goes out into the world without a dollar, to look for another clerkship, for each of which there are hundreds of applicants. This is the time that the young man realizes the mistake he has made and wishes he had "learned a trade." He sees, now, that any expert workman, among the trades, receives more money than he has ever received as a clerk, and besides is independent. If he is sober and industrious, he is never "out of work." His expenses are only half as much as those of a clerk, and he saves money to begin for himself in a few years, in a business which he understands perfectly. Such a man is on the high road to prosperity.

Young men who have not capital to invest in a line of business in which it is necessary to serve as a clerk to obtain knowledge of the business to fit them for the position of proprietor, should avoid clerkships as a delusion and a snare. Learn a trade—avoid temptation, and be independent.

Effect of a Cat's Bite.

A lady in San Francisco has recently suffered greatly from a wound inflicted in her thumb by a favorite cat. The animal, which is nearly ten years old, had been ill, and its mistress determined to administer a dose of castor oil. Pussy, however, struggling violently under the infliction, and, seizing the lady's thumb in her mouth, bit directly through the nail, and held on with such a fierce grip, that it was with much difficulty that the thumb was extracted. The *Alta* says: "At first it appeared that the wound was of little consequence. It did not bleed much, and little pain was experienced. Soon, however, a red stripe was noticed slowly moving up her arm, until finally it passed the elbow, when a swelling commenced to form. The catastrophe had occurred at about 8 o'clock in the morning. At 4 in the afternoon the swelling had become of alarming magnitude, so that she called in a physician. This resulted in a consultation of several physicians, who agreed that they had a case to treat that was full of danger to the patient. It was decided to administer one of the most powerful antidotes known, which was given three times in a teaspoon. She soon became so much affected by the pain she suffered that her reason left her for awhile, but after the third teaspoonful of medicine had been given, she was declared out of danger. When water was offered to her she drank it freely, thereby relieving the anxiety of friends and attendants, who feared that hydrophobia had set in. She is now slowly recovering from the effects of the bite and the severe remedies applied. She will not trust her pussy any more."

Effect of a Dream.

After quoting the account of a dream which is said to have influenced Hiram Powers to become a sculptor, the Fridgeport (Conn.) *Standard* relates another incident of the kind, where the question as to the life-profession of the dreamer was decided. It says: "An aged member of the Episcopal Church who was well acquainted with Rev. Dr. Berhanns, of Newtown, said that when a youth, and before he had ever seen any minister of that denomination attired in his clerical robes, he dreamed of seeing some one standing by his bedside dressed in a peculiar manner. The dream left a strong impression upon his mind. Some time afterward he attended an Episcopal church, and to his great though agreeable surprise he saw that the minister was dressed in robes precisely the same as those he had seen in his dream. These circumstances determined his future course. He became a communicant and ultimately a minister in that church. In his old age he resided in Newton, and there are doubtless many in that town, if not throughout this and other States, who remember him as a faithful and devoted pastor."

The Healthfulness of Lemons.

When people feel the need of an acid if they would let vinegar alone, and use lemons or apples, they would feel just as well satisfied and receive no injury. A suggestion may not come amiss as to a good plan when lemons are cheap in the market. A person should then purchase several dozen at once, and prepare them for use in the warm, weak days of the spring and summer when acids, especially citric and malic, or the acid of lemons, are so grateful and useful. Press your hand on the lemon and roll it back and forth briskly on the table to make it squeeze more easily; then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler—never into a tin; strain out all the seeds, as they give a bad taste. Remove all the bulb from the peels, and boil in water—a pint for a dozen bulbs—to extract the acid. A few minutes' boiling is enough; then strain the water with the juice of the lemons; put a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice; boil ten minutes, bottle it, and your lemonade is ready. Put a tablespoonful or two of this lemon syrup in a glass of water, and have a cooling, healthful drink.

The most useful Thing in the Long Run—Breath.

The Brooklyn Mystery.

Arrest and Confession of the Murderess of Goodrich in March Last.

The Goodrich mystery has been solved at last by the confession of Miss Kate Stoddard. On Thursday morning, March 20, in Brooklyn, N. Y., she shot Goodrich, fulfilling the threat made in the letter received by the Hon. W. W. Goodrich, a brother of the deceased, a month previous. The letter, which describes her wrongs and sufferings, was written in a plain hand, every letter being well formed. There was not a single erasure in the whole letter. When it is considered that she had written this seated on her trunk in the basement of the cheerless house in Degraw street, on a cold February night, it is most surprising, exhibiting a nerve and determination which it had not been supposed a woman possessed. It is as follows:

BROOLYN, February, 1873.

MR. GOODRICH:

SIR: I propose to tell the truth. Will you listen?

For the past eight months I have been living in the second house of the block of new buildings in Degraw street, the third door from Fifth avenue. I have lived there unknown to any one except Charley. About one year ago I was married to him secretly, for I trusted him. I loved him so truly that his word was law to me, and he wished for no one to know of our marriage until some future time, on account of property; the reason connected with it he did not fully explain. I was very foolish, for I was alone in New York, with no friends only him. I have learned since then that the clergyman who married us was no minister at all, only a friend of his, Reuben Smith, a doctor, I think, who lives in the city.

In December last, a month ago, our baby was born. Before that, and since then, Charley has treated me with the utmost cruelty, disowning all the ties between us. Several days ago a woman with ringlets came here to one of the houses after a stove he had for her. I was at the window and noticed the conversation between them. When Charley came into the house he told me that we must part, that there was no marriage between us, that he had tired of me, &c. This woman with the ringlets is his new love; he acknowledged that. Oh, it seems as if it could not be the same world to me now, all is so dark and desolate.

My heart is completely broken. To love and struggle on alone I have got to do, and I cannot without assistance. The reason I write this, and the circumstances under which I write, are most painful. I have been trying to work. I have been at work in a store all this week. To-night (Saturday night) I came here to my lonely home and was very unexpectedly accosted by a man just as I was unlocking the door. He asked me if I wished to see Mr. Goodrich; I told him yes and asked him who he was. He said his name was George Baker; that he had been employed to watch the building, and that my trunks and clothes had been taken into another house. I was quite bewildered, and I had not the slightest idea that Charley would ever treat me in this manner. I followed the man into the house and saw all my things thrown upon the floor.

It seems like some dreadful nightmare. To-morrow is the Sabbath, and where will I stay or what will I do? I have no money and no friends. I am seated on my trunk writing this to you. My hands are so stiff with the cold that I cannot hold my pen; for that reason it may not be easy for you to decipher my hurried writing. AMY S.

SATURDAY EVE., Feb. 15.

This letter did not have the desired effect. Goodrich became instead more determined to cast her off. She entreated him to allow her to remain with him. On the night preceding the fatal morning Goodrich, on his return from a visit to Lucetta Meyers, was accosted by Kate. They quarreled. He strove to shut himself up in his room. She followed him there and essayed to break open the door with a chair.

When she arose in the morning she quietly followed him down the stairs to the front basement, having already possessed herself of his pistol, She was partly dressed. Goodrich, unaware of her presence behind him, walked to the mantelpiece and took a match. Kate stood at the door. As he bent over the Baltimore range to start the fire with the match, she crossed the room, and saying "Charley," looked full at him.

He turned on hearing the name. As he did so she discharged the pistol and sent the bullet crashing through his temple. He tried to rise, but toppled over on the oilcloth. As he lay in death agony she stooped over him, and repeating a verse from Byron's "Giaour," discharged two more shots, the bullets entering, one through the left temple and the other behind the left ear. After he had given the last sign of life she seated herself near the door and gazed on his body. She stayed in the house all day busying herself with the fixing and arranging of the body.

The pistol with which she shot him and his gold watch and chain and ring she put into her own pocket. The wallet containing $40, she secreted in the bosom of her dress. Frequently that day she bent over the dead body and kissed away the blood as it flowed from the wounds. That night she slept in the house with the body. Early the next morning, after placing a black-handled pistol at Goodrich's side and again wiping and kissing the blood from his face, she brushed back his hair with a wet towel and started for her workshop in New York.

In the evening, on her return from the city, she was startled by the shouts of newsboys announcing the murder of Charles Goodrich. She bought a newspaper and stood on the corner amid a group of policemen, newsboys, and others reading the account. Having finished she retraced her steps to the ferry and crossed to New York. When questioned by Chief Campbell concerning her motive in returning to the house, she said: "I wanted to see that no harm befell the body."

On Friday night she lodged in a house up town. On the following day she procured a habitation and remained in New York until the second week in April, working all the time where she had been employed previous to the death of Goodrich. About the 12th of April a Mrs. Taylor, a widow, who lives at 127 High street, Brooklyn, near Jay street, two blocks from the York street police station, was called upon by Kate, who desired to hire a furnished room in the house. The house is a three story brick and basement. Mrs. Taylor the week before had lost a daughter by death. She was lonely, and becoming predisposed to Kate, readily let the room to her. On the following day two trunks arrived at the house. Kate had given $2 to Mrs. Taylor to pay the expressage. After Kate had lived in the house about three weeks she purchased a piano on monthly installments.

During her stay in the place Kate never received visitors or letters. On her return from work she went to her room and stayed in the house until morning. Kate was employed steadily making fancy straw hats in a store in Broadway until two weeks ago. Then she began to take the work home. When hiring the room Kate gave her name as Minnie Walton. Mrs. Taylor described her as a perfect lady. Kate frequently went into Mrs. Taylor's room and took a cup of tea with her. At these times she was very communicative, but never alluded to any trouble. She said that her folks lived in Trenton—her father and stepmother. Mrs. Taylor said she was a regular attendant at church.

A son-in-law of Mrs. Taylor often read for her. Kate on his beginning to read from the newspapers, arose from her chair and making an excuse went out of the room. A day or two ago as she was going out of the room

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., July 31, 1873.

TERMS.—The REPORTER is published weekly at $2 per year, in advance, or $2.50 when not paid in advance. For six months half these rates.

Advertisements $1.50 per square (ten lines) for three insertion. Advertisements for 3, 6 and 12 months, at reduced rates.

Any person sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash will receive the REPORTER one year free.

After all the talk about the appointment of either Senator Conkling or Carpenter or Howe to the vacant Chief-Justiceship neither of those gentleman is eligible for that position. There is a constitutional provision in the way, made applicable to their case by the passage of the salary grab and increased pay measures. The second paragraph of section 6 of article 1 of the Constitution of the United States reads as follows:

"No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased during such time; and no person holding an office under the United States shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office."

Among the salaries increased during the last session of Congress was that of the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court. The President is therefore precluded from appointing either of these Senators or any other Senator to the vacant Chief-Justiceship. The salary bill thus turns up in another form to bother some of its supporters. Conkling, Carpenter, and Howe can now step down and give way for other aspirants.

Astounding Developments Concerning Bismarck—Comprehensive Infidelity.

A correspondent of the World, writing from Berlin on June 29, relates what purports to have been a conversation between himself and the renowned Prince Bismarck, which will create a good deal of surprise throughout Christendom. In the course of the conversation Prince Bismarck not only avows himself an infidel unqualifiedly, but discloses the revolting fact that his scheme for strengthening the German Empire consists in "destroying the idea of God, and placing the Empire in His place!"

The correspondent quotes the following as the words of Bismarck:

"It is the fight of the State—empire, monarchy, or republic—against God; and in this fight the State will get the worst of it unless it succeeds in destroying the idea of God, and placing itself in his place. Men say that they must have somethiog to worship—well, then, let them worship the State: let it be all in all; let it take the place of the family as well as of the Deity; let it be the Deity."

The Prince, although filled with the idea that the permanency of the empire, or its greatness, must depend upon obliterating the idea of God from the minds of the people, expressed himself as quite despondent at the poor prospect of accomplishing that undertaking. He did not think that the cooperation of the King, or the steadfastness of the Crown Prince, could be counted on to a sufficient length of time to complete the work. It would require, he thought, about two generations to do this effectually. The words of Prince Bismarck on this point, according to the correspondent of the World, were:

"In two generations, if we had the field wholly to ourselves, we could so obliterate the idea of God, and of the imaginary rights bestowed on man by him as their creator, that the substitution of the State in his place would be effected, and the State, as in pagan Rome, be all in all."

Bismarck appears to have been vastly amused at the credulity of those Americans who imagined that he took any interest in protestantism beyond what JUDAS took in his Master—an interest looking to ultimate betrayal and destruction. These credulous Americans he gently characterized as "asses" and "numbskull." He said:

"Nothing has amused me more than the praises which I have received from the protestant Christians of England and America. The asses! I have wished to crush Rome that I might crush Christianity. They praise me for my services in the cause of what they call reformed Christianity!

If anything could console me for the chagrin which I foresee I am to endure for some time to come it would be to witness the amazement of these good friends of mine when they understand the truth. But understand it they never will—they are numbskulls."

We should not have directed attention to assertions so nearly incredible as those which we have quoted from this correspondent but for the respectability and high character of the journal in which they appear. We see no room left for doubt that Count Bismarck used the language attributed to him.

As this disclosure places Bismarck in direct antagonism to Christianity, we apprehend the effect of it will be to set all Christendom against him. Countless shafts will be let fly at him now from the pulpits and the press in every Christian land. It would have been impossible for him to avow sentiments calculated to produce a greater shock among the millions who have hitherto looked upon him with admiration.

There is an old saying that misfortunes never come singly. The Republicans in the west are realizing this fact. Their party is disrupted by the farmers' "granges," and now comes the report from Chicago that the Germans are refusing to support the party on account of its bigotry.

The Louisville Courier-Journal has an admirably direct way of stating things. It has never asserted that General Howard stole money from the government. "He merely surreptitiously borrowed it permantly, and remmembered to forget to keep any record of the fact." Which is Bourbon straight in literature.

—A daughter of Owen Mully, of Scranton, was bitten by a rattlesnake on Wednesday while picking berries. She died the same night from the poison inoculated into her system.

Joseph Burton, of York, a few weeks ago, tread on a nail; lockjaw ensued, and on Tuesday he died.

In the August session in the Court of Berks county, six colored jurors have been drawn, all from Reading.

THE FALL OF KHIVA.

How the Natives Fight with Europeans.

St. Petersburg, June 29.—According to official accounts received from the columns which took Khiva there was little actual fighting done by the natives, who seem to have been fully persuaded of the truth of the Central Asian proverb that "The arm of the white Czar can reach as far as he wishes it to." In no case did they make a firm stand except when sheltered behind their rude but strong earthworks, from which it was generally possible to drive them in a few hours. The city of Khiva was entered without the slightest difficulty, and after the flight of the Khan the people who remained seemed rather glad than sorry that their troubles were over. At first the natives believed that the males were to be put to death, but their minds were soon disabused of the notion and they accepted the inevitable like true Mohammedans. On May 23, the leading column of the Turkestan division reached the oasis of Utsch Tchutchak, after traversing a hundred versts (a verst is about about two-thirds of a mile) of the sandy and waterless desert between Khalaat and its Amon. In the desert they suddenly encountered a force of about 3,500 men, who fired at them with their crazy weapons and then being rocked fled away howling like so many dervishes. Had it not been for the terrible physical difficulties encountered in the latter part of this march, the expedition would have had its full share of the ludicrous. As the Russians trudged along, after leading their horses and camels, which were reduced to the last stage of exhaustion the enemy was constantly hovering on their flank, annoying them by pretending every half hour to be about to make an attack, and then, as there was the slightest show of an attack upon them, every mother's son of them would take to his heels and be out of sight in an instant. Near the Lardaba Kul the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovtch and Prince Eugen Maximilianovitcu Romanovist—both captains—were in the first ranks of the infantry van, and the enemy fled, the Prince commanded a party of volunteers and chased them about fifteen miles to the river. The rear attempted to make a stand, when the commander ordered the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch to lead in the attack, which he did as speedily as if, as soon as they saw him coming, the scamps had not turned tail and fled in their usual absurd way, yelling like so many wild men. At Adam Kriglan at daybreak a party of some 590 Kerghese and Turcomans, under the famous Sadyk, who had for days been galloping about General Bardovki's command, made a more determined stand than ususal, having good cause for believing the Russians to be in distress for want of water. They came close to the camp and opened fire, which was at once returned by the riflemen from the hills. The enemy retreated a short distance but continued to fire vigorously, and were not driven away until a company with a rocket battery turned out and, after prolonged firing, dislodged Sadyk. In this most terrible encounter with the fierce Asiatic chief the Russians lost no men at all and the enemy three. Sadyk himself was the first to run.

When the column left Khalaat there were yet 2,800 camels in the train, the rest having succumbed to the hardships of the way and the want of food and water. When General Bordovski returned from Adam Krigian to Alti Kuduk there were but 1,240 camels left. From Alti Kuduk Utsch Tchutchak the road was in many places most difficult and greatly taxed the artillery. During a halt, and just as the troops had formed in a hollow square for the night, the enemy, who had been hovering about for hours, approached from three sides at once; the riflemen instantly turned out and quickly emptied the saddles of those who came nearest. The firing continued all night, the camp being entirely surrounded by the enemy, who retired at daybreak and allowed the Russians to continue their march for a short time in peace. Then they came up again and opened fire from all sides at once, but the troops went ahead with perfect regularity, returning volley after volley and keeping the enemy at bay, uttering their peculiar yell, the natives alternately advanced and retreated, and with all their waste of powder hardly succeeded in killing a man. Along the whole journey through this region this was the sort of warfare carried on, being occasionally diversified by pursuit of the natives into their boats along the rivers and canals—when the well-watered districts were reached—and shooting at them while struggling in the streams. The Amon was reached with no loss worth speaking of. The mob at Utsch Tchutchak consisted of Ata Jandar and Goklan Turkomans, Kirghese, and Khivese of the caste of Nuker. From these facts it may readily be understood how and why it came that Khiva fell defenceless when once it had been reached.

STRANGE NARRATIVE!

A FREAK OF THE LATE STORM!—IT DISENTOMBS A SKELETON!

We are indebted to Jas. Love for a copy of the Miami, Ohio, Democrat, from which we copy the following:

EDITOR MIAMI DEMOCRAT:—Without occupying much of your valuable space, I beg leave to detail an incident connected with the terrible hurricane that passed over the Miami Valley on the evening of the "glorious 4th."

On the well-known "old Anderson Farm," stands or rather stood a fine oak grove. A fortnight since the majestic trees stood erect and intact, but now twothirds of them are lying on the ground hurled down by the relentless fury of the last great storm, Little did the storm demon think when he set out upon his mission of destruction that he was destined to rob a tree of a secret which it has scrupulously kept for eighty two years.

I have the facts of this storm incident from the own lips of Mr.——Rogers, the present occupant of the farm referred to, and a man of proverbial veracity.

Upon the morning subsequent to the storm, (Saturday) Mr. Rogers in company with a "hired man" proceeded to inquire into the extent of the damage inflicted upon his premises, and the first objective point was the ruined grove. The centre tree of the plat was a noble oak, the king over his fellows, and a tree which had stood the ravages of time seemingly unscathed for several centuries. This tree had been snapped and felled by the storm. Upon examining the fallen giant for the purpose of ascertaining its worth as rail timber Mr. R. made a startling discovery.

This was nothing less than the fact that the tree in falling had disgorged a skeleton!

The bones were disconnected, yellow as gold with age, and scattered promiscuously over several square feet of pasturage. The skull was almost intact; all the teeth save two—molars—were still in their places, and there was a scar on the left parietal bone which looked like the memento of some fierce cavalry charge. The humerus of the right arm was scattered, and save the three defects just mentioned the skeleton when put together was without blemish.

The tree in falling, I should have mentioned, was rent asunder—a task not difficult of accomplishment when I refer to the fact that an examination found that at some remote date the very heart of the oak had been cleft by lighting. From a spot twenty feet from the ground upward to the first great fork—a distance of ten feet—a hollow extended, and from this cavity the skeleton had been hurled. "If we but knew who he was," thought my informant, Mr. R., and, strange to say, a few minutes later the twain discovered that the tree had also disgorged a thrilling history.

An old-fashioned leathern pocket or memorandum book lay in a remarkable state of preservation—which no doubt had been dropped into the rent made by the lightning, and thus been preserved while its master decayed. A few brass buttons of old and unique pattern were found near the memorandum, but it is with the latter that we have to deal. this old leather purse—entirely moneyless—contained sundry papers covered with rude pencilings, quite difficult to trace, as they were written on the backs of army passes and military consignments which dated as far back as 1776.

Mr. Rogers conveyed the bones to his house, and set about to read the memorandum of the captive of the tree. But owing to his failing eyesight, he could decipher but little, and this little a conglomerate mass of disconnections. But still he read enough to learn that the eyes that once shone in the now orbless sockets often looked upon Washington in the heat of battle, and amid the snows of Valley Forge; and the skeleton arm when covered with flesh and muscle had struck many stalwart blows for our country.

The man's name as gathered from the papers was Roger Vanderberg, a native of Lancaster, Pa., and a captain in the Revolutionary army. He was an aide to Washington during the retreat across the Jerseys, and served a time in Arnold's headquarters at West Point. In 1791 he marchd with St. Clair against the north-western Indians, and in the famous outbreak of that General on the Wabash, Nov, 3rd, of the year just written, he was wounded and captured. But while being conveyed to the Indian town at Upper Piqua—a historical place well-known to your readers—he effected his escape, but found himself hard pressed by his savage foes. He saw the hollow in the oak, and despite the mangled arm, and with the aid of a beach that grew beside the giant then, he gained the haven and dropped therein. Then came a fearful discovery. He had miscalculated the depth of the hollow and there was no escape. O, the story told by the dairy of the oak's despairing prisoner. How rather than surrender to the torture of the stake he chose death by starvation; how he wrote his dairy in the uncertain light and the snows!

Here is one entry in the dairy:

"Nov. 10th. Five days without *food!* when I sleep I dream of luscious fruits and *flowing* streams. The stars *laugh* at my misery! It is snowing now. I freeze while I starve. *God pity* me!"

The italicised words were supplied by Mr. Rogers, as the trembling hand oft-times refused to indite plainly.

Never was such a record of suffering traced by human hand before. The entries cover a period of eleven days, and in disjointed sentences is told the story of St. Clair's defeat.—The dairy is to be placed in my hands, and with your permission I will transcribe it for your columns,

Mr. Rogers has written to Lancaster to ascertain if any descendants of the ill-fated captain live, if so they shall have his bones.

Such, Mr. Editor, is one of the freaks of the late storm, perpetrated in our own county. How little dreamed we that so near us has been imprisoned for eighty-two years one of the soldiers of the Revolution. Often the starvling heard his red foes at the foot of his prison, but he would not hail them, and perished at last with a prayer heard only by Him to whom it was directed

If the descendants of Captain Vanderberg cannot be discovered, I hope that there will be enongh patriotism found in Miami County to erect a monument over his remains. The story of the dairy will chill the hearts of all who read it, and meet the eye in sympathy for the noble soldier of his country.

And now, Mr. Editor, thanking you for allowing me to trespass on your generosity,

I remain yours Respectfully,

J. F. CLARKE.

DISASTEROUS FIRE.

Baltimore, July 25.—A little after ten o'clock to-day, a fire broke out in the planing mill of Joseph Thomas & Co., on the south side of Clay street, between Liberty and Park streets. The flames soon extended to the three adjoining blocks, and an immense conflagration is now raging. A stiff southwest breeze is blowing, and immense cinders are wafted several blocks, even to the Cathedral.

The fire is in the immediate vicinity of the Presbyterian Church where the Presbyterian General Assembly was held. The entire southwest corner of this block has been burned.

PROGRESS OF THE FLAMES.

1:30 P. M.—The fire here is still raging Park street, from Lexington to Saratoga, is in flames, every house being on fire. The fire extends on Clay street, from Park to Liberty street, and the rear of Liberty from Lexington to the corner of Liberty street and Saratoga street. St. Alphonso School, on the south side of Saratoga street and running back to Clay street, is gone. Stewart's stables, on Lexington street, will also be lost. On Saratoga street, west from Park street, every house is in flames; up Park from Saratoga to Mulberry street, and at intervals the roofs on both sides of the street, are burning. On Mulberry street the fine row of houses, commencing northeast corner of Park street, and extending east to Cathedral street, is on fire; the American Academy of Arts, on Mulberry street, and the University of Maryland adjoining, are burning. The Cathedral, on the corner of Mulberry and Cathedral streets, caught fire, but it is thought it will be saved. The wind is steady from the Southeast, and has carried the burning embers around, causing the destruction of many houses distant from the origin of the disaster.

About 100 houses were burned, and the loss is estimated at $800,000.

A TRAIN THROWN FORM THE TRACK BY MASKED ROBBERS.

Des Moines, July 22.—An extraordinary and daring robbery of a railroad train was commited last night, 4 miles west of Adair, on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad. At this point there is a sharp curve in the road and here the robbers had placed heavy timbers across the track to throw the East bound passenger train off the track. The engineer, John Rafferty, saw the obstruction in time to reverse the engine and apply the air brake, but the robbers, observing the movement, fired at him from their ambush and shot him dead. The engine struck the logs and went off the track into the ditch, and was followed by one of the baggage cars. The others with the passenger train remaining on the tarck. Several passengers were bruised, but none were seriously hurt. The robbers, who were masked, after opening and emptying the safe of the express messenger of its contents, rode off on horseback. Among the passengers were thirty Chinese students *en route* to Springfield Massachusetts.

The Statement of Superintendent Royce—A Thrilling Experience.

Des Moines, Iowa, July 24—Further inquiry in the matter of the ditching and robbery of the Atlantic Express, the Adair reveals the following facts: While the car was being ransacked, says the Superintendent, Mr. Royce, four men with navy revolvers, two on each side of the train, kept guard outside to intimidate the passengers, and prevent them from interfering with the operations of their confederates. The passengers were alarmed, not knowning the moment a volley would be poured into the windows, or how long they had to live. Some adventurous heads were pointed out, when the highwaymen, with horrible profanity, ordered them to disappear or they would send a bullet into them. A passenger asked if they intended to kill innocent women and children, when one of the robbers answered, "If you get back we won't hurt you. We are not petty robbers. We take from those who are able to lose, for the use of the poor. We are Grangers." Mr Royce says the reference to Grangers was Pickwickian. The passenger took in his head, and no others ventured to put theirs out.

The fatal part of the business was enacted at the moment the engine struck the gap in the thick. A volley was fired into the engine. Dennis Foley, the fireman, who was stooping down shoveling coal into the furnace, saw the engineer shut off the steam with one hand and put on the brakes with the other. "Jack, what's the matter?" shouted Foley, and then he heard a crash and a fusilade of shots, and Jack fell over on him dead, the wood and coal on top of both. When Foley, who was bruised and stunned, came to, he extricated himself and his faithful comrade, who died at the post of duty. No marks of pistol shots were found upon the body, and it is thought death was caused by concussion.

Rafferty was one of the most careful, faithful, and brave men that ever traveled over an iron road. The outrage only occupied about ten minutes.

Mr. Royce thinks there were not less than eight in the gang. The masks seemed to have been cut out of white flannel. They covered the entire face, excepting aperatures for the mouth and eyes, reached back behind the ears where they were tied, and down the breast, rendering identification absolutely impossible. They were thick-set, powerful men, and judging from their dialect and language, Mr. Royce believes they were genuine border ruffians, and not persons residing in the vicinity.

There were from ninety to one hundred persons on the train. A small ivory-handled revolver was the only weapon in crowd. Of course it was of no avail. None of the passengers were injured. Western Iowa is alive with scouting parties, and every effort is being made to capture the villians.

A Sanguinary Conflict.

A TERRIBLE SUNSET SCENE ON THE OPEN PRAIRIE.

The Ferocious Fight between Hugh Anderson and Arthur McCluskey—How Texas and Kansas Desperadoes Settle their Quarrels—Death and Darkness.

A correspondent of the World gives an account of one of the most ferocious duels ever fought. It occurred on the evening of July 4, in the Indian Territory, Medicine Lodge, a point which is a great resort for hunters during the colder months. The parties engaged in this desperate fight were Hugh Anderson of Texas and Arthur McCluskey of Kansas, both desperadoes well known on the Frontier for their recklessness of life. Anderson had killed a brother of McCluskey in a dance house fracas, and the latter sought him for the express purpose of taking vengeance upon him. A Texan guide named Richards acted as second for McCluskey, a huge Kentuckian of the name of Harding fulfilling a similar office for Anderson.

The Agreement.

By the terms agreed upon between Richards and Harding the antagonists were to fight with revolvers and bowie knives—to be placed back to back at an interval of twenty paces—to wheel and fire at a given signal, and after the first interchange of shots to conduct the fight as each one should deem it best to his advantage. The spot selected for the encounter was in the open prairie. The grass had been closely cropped by the cattle leaving the turf firm, yet elastic, and just the thing for rough-and-tumble business. The men met long after sunset in the presence of a crowd of hunters, trappers, railroad surveyors, gamblers, and Indians. The combatants were duly placed, and the crowd awaited with breathless interest the result.

The giving of the signal had fallen by lot to Harding. Stating to the principals, who by this time began to show signs of impatience, that this would be the report of a pistol, he drew his own weapon and discharged it, first asking the question and receiving the usual answer that both were ready.

The Fight.

McCluskey was the first to fire, wheeling as he did so though the smoke had scarcely curled up from his pistol before the report of Anderson's weapon followed. A momentary pause ensued, each of the antagnosists closely scanning the other to note the effect of the shot. Across Anderson's cheek a deep furrow, from which the blood slowly began to trickle down, told the work of his antagonist, while McCluskey remained standing in his original posture, to all appearances unharmed. But this was not the fact. Those nearest to him fancied they saw a sudden spasm, as of pain, pass through his frame, and his face certainly blanched to a death-like pallor, but just where the ball had taken effect they could not tell. At the second fire McCluskey again anticipated his opponent, and taking a more deliberate aim succeeded in breaking his left arm. Anderson utterred a sharp cry and sank on one knee, but quickly recovering himself returned the fire, and this time with horrible effect. The ball passing through McCloskey's mouth carried away with it several of the clenched teeth and a portion of the tongue, finally lodging in the base of the skull. McCluskey staggered forward wildly a few steps, and made desperate efforts to steady himself. The blood poured in torrents from the wound, and stained his hunting shirt and dripped from the muzzle of his pistol; but with heroic courage he continued to advance, spitting out mouthfuls of blood and teeth at every step.

Fearful Wounds.

During the interval thus gained Anderson, who in his crippled state had every reason to shun a hand-to-hand encounter had not been idle, but fired another well-aimed shot which broke McCluskey's left shoulder. As if this was not enough, he sent still another ball after him, which, striking him in the pit of the stomach, caused him to fall forward heavily on his face. McCluskey was now mortally wounded and momentarily growing weaker from loss of blood. Tearing open his shirt in his agony a crimson spot in his left side indicated the place where Anderson's first shot had taken effect. He still, however, retained his grasp of his pistol, and by an effort superhuman in its coolness and deliberation fired at his antagonist his third shot. The latter had been closely watching for this, and endeavored to save himself by suddenly dropping on the ground. Too late, however. McCluskey's finger was already on the trigger and his eye along the sights, and when his adversary's body reached the earth it was heavier by a Colt's pistol ball. A scream of pain followed and the spectators saw the figures of a man clutching wildly with his hands at the grass and writhing and twisting in horrible contortions. The bullet had struck him full in the abdomen and like his antagnist, Anderson was now

A Fast Dying Man.

At this juncture it seemed as if the crowd would interfere, but Harding sternly bade them keep back and leave the men to settle the matter in their own way. As none cared to dispute with the gigantic hunter, the mandate was obeyed, though a universal expression of horror ran through the spectators, a number of whom were the engineers and attaches of our own party. Still, horrible as was the scene, no one thought of leaving the spot. An irresistable fascination to see it out bound one and all alike to the blood-stained locality. But the finale was at hand—the curtain was almost ready to drop.

McCluskey, summoning by a supreme effort his remaining strength, drew his knife and began to crawl feebly in the direction of his antagonist. The latter, who had raised himself to a sitting posture, saw the movement and prepared to meet it. Both had dropped their revolvers, leaving to the cold steel the completion of the work.

By this time it had grown quite dark, and to distinguish the movements of the combatants required the closest attention. Anderson was clearly unable to move any portion of his body save his right arm. With this he raised his knife aloft, and as McCluskey crawled up to within reach dealt him a terrible blow in the neck, cutting muscles and tendons and veins, and half severing the head from the body.

The Last Effort.

But the effort was too much for him, and leaving the weapon sticking in the wound he pitched heavily forward on his face. Every one supposed that this blow would have instantly killed McCluskey, but, strange to say, it did not, for so great was his vitality that before falling he twice plunged his own knife into the body of Anderson. The tail is soon told. McCluskey lived a minute longer than his antagonist. The dead bodies, firmly locked in each other's embrace, were taken to the house of Harding and laid out side by side on the gaming table. A crimson trail marked the path of those who carried them indoors, and pools of blood indicated the scene of the late conflict.

There was no gaming that night. The hunters and Indians appeared to find excitement enough in talking over the events of the day without having to resort to their usual pastime. About 11 o'clock the moon rose, and the bodies were taken out for burial. There were no funeral ceremonies, but Job Harding remarked as the muffled forms were lowered into the grave "There go two as brave men as ever lived." They were buried deep to keep the wolves and coyotes from digging them up, and the earth was heaped up in a little mound to mark where they slept.

IN A THUNDER-CLOUD WITH A BALLOON.

[Written for the To-Day by Prof. J. Wise.]

The first time I was ever swallowed up in a storm-cloud, it happened to be in a suddenly generated, hail-storm nimbus during an ascension from Carlisle, Pa. A hail storm is not a very large meteor, but it is very violent in its gyratory action and when it sucks a balloon into its vertical air hopper, the aeronaut may look out for a little rough usage, and not the least of his troubles will be a nausea similar to that of sea sickness, following the swinging to and fro, compounded with gyrations, of the air-ship. I will, however, for the present, describe an experience of traveling inside of a thunder gust for a distance of nearly a hundred miles along the Ohio River, in a balloon voyage from Portsmouth, Ohio, to Mt. Pleasant, about twelve miles below Gallipolis. Straight across the country from Portsmouth to Gallipolis is not much over half the distance it is by the course of the river, but thunder storms have a penchant to trail their watery drapery along river channels.

The ascension was made in the afternoon, between four and five o'clock, and right in the face of an approaching thunder gust coming from the north west. On attaining a height of three-quarters of a mile, I discovered a second thunder gust coming a long from the southwest. My balloon was situated on the apex of the two lines of the approaching storms, and already gave indications of being gobbled up in the vortex of centralizing air incident to storm clouds. I made up my mind to go into the whale's belly, not entirely regardless of consequences; but being well provided with gas and ballast, I was consoled with the knowledge that I could escape from leviathan of the air by using the means of gravitation in letting out gas, or of levitation by disposing of ballast.

The two storms were now approaching, as it were, in grand battle array, with thundering explosions. The discharges of lightning came vivid, sharp and frequent and when the two storms clashed, they became terrific. It was a scene of awful grandeur. I had a mind to escape by one or the other of the means just mentioned, but like Lot's wife, I was curious enough to look back—not to be turned into a pillar of salt, but to be well shaken—hurled round and round as it were by the nape of the neck.

The intelligent reader may here be reminded that a thunder storm is not an accidentally condensed, irregularly massed body of watery vapor, as viewed from the earth, but a geometrically formed and individualized meteor and a mathematical precision in its motion and compensating balances. It is more or less governed in its onward progress by the undulation of earth's surface—the channels of rivers, valleys and mountain gorges. These meteors often take short turns to pass into a deep valley. When they happen to plunge against a mountain side that lies in their direct course, they often become tangled in the mountain top, swaying to and fro like things of life, and this gives rise to those destructive mountain torrents known as "cloud bursts" The rain that would be otherwise spread over a great suface is by this stand still of the meteor poured down against the immediately underneath surface of the mountain side.

It requires no strained imagination to give interest to storm scenes as viewed from above them and in their midst; and when it is considered that a balloon is not in the predicament of a ship at sea as in a storm, the scene may be viewed with an assurance of safety that is never realized on the water. The sea ship has two elements to contend with. The air whirling it around in the vortex of a storm, and the thousand times denser water holding it in its embrace, brings upon the sea ship a leverage and strain that crashes and cracks it to pieces. The balloon has but one element to contend with, and it matters not whether the current is one mile an hour or one hundred miles; to the air passenger it is all the same, for he knows not that he moves at all unless he can see some land mark to give him an idea of motion. In a thunder cloud, however, there is a perceptible motion, not violent, but disagreeable. The motion is gyratory—a swinging to and fro and going round in a circle at the same time—and this motion produces nausea like sea sickness The huge black precipices of nimbi, or the brilliantly illuminated lava looking culmuli, have not the terror giving character to the air passenger that the coral reefs and leeshore rocks have to the sea passenger. The reader is now better prepared to resume the thread of the narrative with composure, since dashing against an atmospheric boulder will not shock him.

These two storms merging into one having met at an angle in the course of the river where it trends off from a southwest to a southeast direction of stream, it followed the course of the Ohio up to the mouth of the Kanawha river, and there it made a turn up that watercourse. Sailing in this meteor, I was constantly surrounded by electoral phenomena. While the discharges of lightning were almost incessant, thundering and crashing out of the thick vapor with livid, zigzag bolts darting down toward the earth, they never seemed to explode near to the balloon. Most of the time the baloon was sailing in clear atmosphere between the upper and lower cloud, though right in front of it, and within a few hundred yards, the upper and lower clouds were joined in the form of a water spout, and from this conjoined mass the discharges were mainly taking place, though occasionally a more distant explosion would occur. The central explosions were so frequent and terrific that I dare not let the balloon rock into the vortex, and in order to avoid this, I had to pay out ballast and gas, causing the balloon to rise and fall, and by that means be thrown outward in the upper cloud, whenever the lower cloud had rocked it to near the central uprising air shower. This kind of maneuvering has been learned from former experience in these meteors.

One time the balloon got so far to the rear of the centre of the vertex between the upper and lower cloud that fell into the rays of the sun. This produced one of the rarest spectacles of rainbow light in the form of a parhelion, or aureols, as it is technically termed, that my eyes ever rested on. It threw upon this black central cloud matter a beautiful prismatic arch of vari-colored light, not circular as a rainbow, but in the form of a twisted ellipse, caused, no doubt, by the difference of density of the watery particles acting as a screen. I gazed upon it what admiratio nand amazement. All this time the celestial fireworks continued in full blast, banging and booming like great guns, and the hissing of electrical stream of fire were truly appalling. It seemed to me like the crack of doom; and while it made my hair bristle and my heart beat quick time, it seemed still to say, "Stand from under," because the thunderbolts were all hurled downward. So far as my reason could direct, I felt it safer to look at it from above than from below, besides, the country below was mainly forest and river, as seen from an occasional glimpse through an open chasm of the lower cloud.

Once the balloon was totally involved in a mass of orange colored flame. This was evidently "sheet lightning" playing between the upper and the lower cloud. I was for a moment paralized, not by an electric shock, but by a shudder of fright, as it seemed for the moment that my air bubble was in a blaze. In an instant more I felt easier in mind, seeing that the fire had not harmed the balloon. The thought now occurred. Am I not venturing to far upon my philosophy of safety in a thunder cloud? Besides, my ballast was pretty well exhausted, and I had been riding in a storm for more than an hour, so that I must be many miles from the place of departure.

The beautiful grotto of fire would appear and disappear as the balloon happened to fall in and out of the sunbeams blazing in between the upper and lower cloud. The balloon refracting the rays of light passing through it caused she prismatic arch. The rain was discharged with the rushing noise of water, it was evident, that the rain was descending to the earth in torrents, and this, with the heavy and constant discharges of thunderbolts and the remarkable beauty of the aureola illuminating the interior of the storm cloud, gave it more the character of a scene of enchantment than one of reality. There was a fearful fascination in the grand phenomenon; and while it made one's heart beat with emotion and a feeling of awe, it still persisted in dragging one along as the soldier is dragged along in the thick smoke of the battle's cannon. It is impossible to fully and fairly portray with words the condition of mind and its surrounding phenomena when sailing in the midst of a good sized thunder storm. It is a sublimity not realizable on the surface of the earth, grand and majestic as these meteors present themselves to an observer on terra firma.

Having now sailed within the folds of this electrical meteor for over an hour, and for a distance of nearly a hundred miles by the course of the Ohio river, and viewed it from various positions, the limited amount of ballast remaining on hand admonished a preparation for descent. Before coming down, a dozen or more copies of the Portsmouth daily paper were thrown overboard and they were soon drawn into the vortex of the storm. One of them fell into my hands the next day, as will be explained in the conclusion of this narrative. I now commenced to descend slowly and cautiously, in order to look out for a safe landing place. As this process was going on, the storm was moving forward and away from the balloon. On coming down through the lower cloud I found the surface of Gallia county hereabouts covered with forest; but some distance ahead in my line of direction a log cabin peered out from a little "clearing," and I struck for this, and made a lodgment before the cabin door in the rain, greatly to the surprise of the family in the house. Seeing the suddenly appearing apparation was nothing more than flesh and blood, the good housewife cautiously, with the door slightly ajar, ventured the question of, "Who are you?" In dripping garments and with the most gentle speech at my command, I answered, "A stranger, madam, in a strange land; will you please help me a little?" Still holding the door, in her hand, she said, "What is that?" pointing at the air-craft as it was swaying over her head. "A balloon, madam, just come out of that cloud." The door immediately flew open, and at the same time she exclaimed, "Come out, Joe; here's a man in a balloon that you read about the other day."

The next morning I went out to Small's Landing, a few miles off, to get on a Pittsburg and Cincinnati packet to return to Portsmouth, and there I found one of the papers referred to above, and which they told me had fallen down from a black thunder cloud that passed overhead the day before much to their astonishment until I had explained to them by what kind of an express it had been carried to the distance of ninety miles two hours after it came from the press.

There are scenes in our lives that seem to become as indelibly impressed upon the tablet of the brain as is the image on the photographer's albuminoid membrane and these storm scenes are of that character. The secret majesty of Nature therein asserts its superior divinity, and makes man shrink into the insignificance of a microscopic monad, with all his boasted intellectual powers, when compared to the intelligence of the great Ruler of the universe.

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Molasses per gallon.....60cts
Large size dairy Salt per sack.....15cts
Molasses per

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY JULY 31, 1873.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week: by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

—Mr. Fred Arnold, of Centre Hill, left an apple at this office, a few days ago, which is still a tolerably healthy survivor of the crop of 1872. We also have some apples in our possession, fresh and sound, of last year's crop.

—From an item in the Tuten sheet, it would seem that the paper-mill there (that is to be) is likely to be known on paper only. Sorry.

—Mr. Lot Kimport, of Potter twp., sent a bunch of Jansen wheat heads to this office, a specimen of his farming, which we hard to beat. They are large and well filled. Mr. K. evidently knows how to farm.

—Rev. James Arney, a native of this place, now living in the western part of the state, is here on a visit. He preached in the Presbyterian church at Centre Hill, on last Sabbath forenoon, and in the afternoon in this place.

—The Daily Graphic, of July 23, copies an article from the Reporter, but locates us in Philadelphia. We live in a much healthier place than that.

—At Ruhl's, opposite Hoffer's, Bellefonte, you always get the freshest, best and cheapest groceries, dried and canned fruit in the county, Especial inducements offered to the country trade. Try Ruhl's Grocery when next you go to Bellefonte.

— The distance from the P. & E. road at Lewisburg to Mifflinburg is 11 miles; thence to Beaver Dam tunnel 24 miles; from thence to Linden Hall 18 miles; thence to Penn's Furnace 16 miles, and thence to Tyrone 18 miles—total 87 miles. The Bellefonte branch will be 11 miles, and the extension to Danville 15 miles long. Our readers may find this table of distances worth preserving.

The length of Paddy's Mountain Tunnel will be 820 feet, length of Beaver Dam tunnel 200 feet.

—Mr. Leitzel's school, at this place, will commence again on Monday, next.

—The Centre Co. Normal commenced its eighth annual session, at this place, on Tuesday of last week. Supt. Magee has for his assistant Prof. Rishel, an experienced educator, and who, we feel confident, will render the utmost satisfaction. The opening of the Normal was attended by a goodly number of teachers, of both sexes, and new ones are arriving daily.

—Never fail to go to Hoffer Bro's, at Bellefonte, the largest and best store in Centre county, if you wish to buy cheap goods and save money.

—One of our farmer subscribers writes us as follows relative to the improved Berkshire swine: They are, by universal consent, admitted to stand at the head of the long list of breeds, either to breed pure or to cross with other breeds. The bone is of a finer quality, giving him legs that do not 1st down solid close knit bone, well up on feet, rendering him alone the best pig for shipping purposes. If first class, they should be well covered with black, silky hair. The white should be confined to four white feet, a white face, white tail tip, and a few white hairs behind each shoulder; add to these qualities, docile disposition, aptness to fatten at any age, finer quality of meat, having a greater proportion of lean meat than any other known breed; larger hams; prolific and the hardiest breed known, requiring no artificial or high priced styes to keep them. They are the acknowledged breed for the farmer.

—A son of Rev. L. C. Edmunds, of Snyder county, (formerly of Aaronsburg), lost a leg a short time ago, by amputation necessitated by white-swelling.

—A Camp meeting will be held by the Evangelical Association, commencing Aug. 6, 1873, in the beautiful grove located two miles east of Milesburg. Ample provisions will be made by the committee for good and substantial boarding at reasonable rates, and all huckstering and trafficing upon the grounds will be strictly prohibited all offenders held amendable to the law.

REV. J. M. LONGSDORF.

—Messrs. J. Gramly and Jer. Haines, Executors, offer the valuable farm of Geo. Gramley, dec'd, in Sugar Valley at private sale. See advertisement in Reporter.

—T. B. M'Elroy makes sale of personal property of N. Deckert, dec'd, on 20. of August. See advertisement.

—Rev. Williams' sale at Boalsburg, August 23rd, 3 acres land, 1 horse, 1 cow, buggy, wagons and house and kitchen furniture.

—Geo. Bower, Adm'r, will offer the farm of Mich. Kreamer, dec'd, in Haines twp., at public sale on 22 Aug. See advertisement in Reporter.

—If you want the most improved lightning rod and well put up, then call upon D. K. Geiss, of Centre Hall. Dave does that kind of work to satisfaction.

—In one of the grain fields of David Shrack, in Sugar valley, the harvest hands killed ten snakes one day last week—four rattle-snakes, one large viper, one hoop-snake, and the balance black-snakes.

—We have had thunder showers almost every day this week, and the heat has been very great, the thermometer indicating 91 degrees.

The recent rains are timely and will have a good effect upon corn and potatoes. The oats now bids fair to yield well, the soaking rain we had some three weeks ago accounts for that—the effect was amazing as at that time the prospect did not indicate half a crop.

—Viewers have been appointed for a new road from Woodward to Fowlers, in Haines township. It is to follow Breakneck run, and Mr. Fowler claims it would be perfectly level and only five miles in length making it a shorter route for the Woodward folks to reach the rail-road than the distance to the Forks. Mr. Fowler talks of erecting a grist-mill, brick-yard, &c., if he succeeds in getting this new road. What projects and enterprises have already sprung up on account of our rail road! and who can tell how many more are yet to be called into existence? time will tell; already we have abundant evidence that our rail road will bring new prosperity to Penns valley.

—Mr. Wm. Royer, of Centre Hill, reports two monster hen eggs—one, by a part Brahma hen, measuring 6¾x7¾ inches in diameter, and weighing 3½ ounces. The other, by a pure Brahma hen, measuring 6¾x8½ inches in diameter and weighs 5 oz. William will now walk up to the head of the class and remain there until some one traps him with a bigger egg.

—The corner-stone for the new Evangelical church at this place, will be laid on Sunday, August 17th.

—Several communications are on hand which will appear hereafter.

—Mr. George L. Goodhart, of Centre Hill, has a pair of thorough bred Berkshire pigs; the one a boar, which, at 3 months old, weighed 12 pounds, live; he gained 36 pounds in two weeks.

—Mr. Samuel Working killed a huge rattlesnake, on the pike, in the Seven mountains, on Monday.

—The radicals of this county have elected J. G. Love representative delegate to the state convention, and Geo. M. Yocum, L. A. Miller and Isaac Lytle were elected senatorial conferees. They endorsed Grant which includes the salary grab. Bah!

—The following extracts are taken from a letter written to a friend from Missouri:

Harvest is very near over. Oats and wheat is good. Although we had to replant most of our corn, we will have a heavy crop; potatoes promise a large yield. The Grangers are at work. Here are some of the mottoes inscribed on their banners whilst celebrating the Fourth: "The farmers can make laws;" "In union there is strength;" "We mean business;" "Farmers to the front;" "Up with the farmers, down with monopolies;" "Reformation or revolution."

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT BY A MOWER

A private letter received from Fidelity, Jasper county, Mo., by a gentleman in Brush Valley gives the particulars of a terrible accident which happened at that place to Mr. Henry Grieb, formerly of Tylersville, Clinton county, Pa., and well known to many of our readers. Mr. Grieb was engaged in mowing with a machine, and becoming prostrated by the heat, he fell into the knife of the machine and was terribly cut up and mangled. The letter was written week before last, and the unfortunate man was still living at that time. No intelligence concerning his condition, has since been received. The letter from which the above facts were gathered was written by Mr. Washington Shafer, who lives in the neighborhood in Missouri where the accident occurred. We shall publish further information as soon as we can obtain it.

Democratic Delegate Election.

The Democratic voters of Centre county will meet at the regular places of holding the general election for each district, on SATURDAY, the 9th day of August, 1873, to elect delegates to the Democratic County Convention. The election will open at 2 o'clock, P. M., and close at 5 o'clock of said day.

The Convention will meet in the Court House, at Bellefonte, on Tuesday, the 12th day of August 1873, to nominate one candidate for Senator, one for **Assembly**, one for County Treasurer, one for Commissioner, one for Jury Commissioner, and one for County Auditor, and transact such other business as may be regularly brought before it. The number of delegates to which each district is entitled under the present apportionment, is as follows, to wit:

The following is the apportionment of delegates made by the late democratic county convention:

District.	Vote.	Delegates.
North Ward	80	2
West Ward	53	2
South Ward	106	2
Milesburg	36	1
Unionville	22	1
Howard	34	1
Philipsburg	179	2
Benner	170	3
Boggs	128	3
Burnside	32	1
Curtin	58	1
Ferguson	227	5
Gregg	281	6
Halfmoon	41	1
Haines	195	4
Harris	174	3
Howard	66	1
Huston	53	1
Liberty	59	1
Marion	89	2
Miles	251	5
Patton	54	1
Penn	262	5
Potter	387	7
Rush	139	3
Snowshoe	102	2
Spring	145	3
Taylor	40	1
Union	65	1
Walker	193	4
Worth	57	1
Total	3712	75

The following Committees have been appointed, under the rules, to hold elections:

Bellefonte, N W—B Galbraith, Dan'l Z Kline, Daniel Deer.
Bellefonte, S W—C D Keller, Edward Brown, Wm Furey.
Bellefonte, W W—S A McQuistion, J Furey, C M Bower.
Milesburg—Col Jas F Weaver, Jno B Thomas, D H Car.
Howard bor'—Balser Weaver, A J Gardner, Jno M'Elwaine.
Philipsburg—Wm Biddle, C S Flegal, C A Faulkner.
Unionville—B F Leathers, A J Greise, George Taylor.
Benner—Daniel Grove, Adam Wagner, Joseph Wilson.
Boggs—Jos L Neff, Wm Mark, John Poorman.
Burnside—Robt Askey, Bernard Veidefier, Rudolph Mullholland.
Curtin—Jno M'Closkey, Conrad Lingle, Henry Theil.
Ferguson—Jno B Mitchell, Henry M Meek, Levi Krebbs.
Gregg—Henry Krumrine, Geo George Buchanan, Wm Heckman.
Haines—Jno Bavid, Thos B Erhard, A Dutwiler.
Half Moon—Wm Cross, J H Griffin, Jno Ward.
Harris—Jas Gilliland, Jas Price, J H Keller.
Howard—Geo D Johnson, Jas Loder, Jacob Leathers.
Huston—Daniel Irvin, John Miles, H Cronister.
Liberty—D Bitner, Simon Lingle, Jno H Stover.
Marion—Robt F Holmes, Adam Yearick, Andrew Harter.
Miles—Harvy Cornman, Thos Wolf, Andrew Ocker.
Patton—Geo W Rumbarger, Dr J M Bush, G G Pottsgrove.
Penn—Wm K Alexander, Capt J Eisenhuth, Andrew Stover.
Potter—James M'Clintick, Wm Wolf, Samuel M Swartz.
Rush—Geo W M'Gaffey.
Snow Shoe—Austin Hinton, Wm Holt, Robt Haines.
Spring—Emanual Noll, Cyrus T Alexander, T M Barnhart.
Taylor—Samuel Hoover, J Copenhaver, Samuel Woomer.
Union—Andrew Hall, Jos Alexander, Geo L Peters.
Walker—Capt J H Tolbert, Jacob Dunkle, B F Winkleman.
Worth—E P Jones, Wm Lewis, Wm Walker.

R. H. FOSTER,
Chairman Co. Com.

List of Grand Jurors for August Term, 1873.

Bellefonte Boro—R S Downing, H B Pontius, James Furey.
Milesburg—David Furey.
Philipsburg—Jno W Mattern, S B Potter.
Benner twp—Richard Conley, D Loder.
Ferguson—G M Weaver.
Gregg—Wm Homan.
Haines—Micheal Feidler.
Howard—Ira C Leathers.
Liberty—Jno Mestlerode.
Marion—David Tibbens, Sam'l Alley.
Miles—Israel Rochow.
Patton—W F Thompson, G W S Gray.
Penn—Christ Alexander, J H Auman.
Potter—Wm B Hennich, Levi Walters
Spring—C H Gentzel.
Union—James Steer.

List of Traverse Jurors for August Term, 1873.

Bellefonte bor'—James L Sommerville, Augustus Cox, Jno Hoffer, S S Lyon, Adolph Loeb.
Milesburg—Joseph Rodgers, T M Hall.
Philipsburg—Albert Owens.
Unionville—Benj J Rich, Geo. Alexander.
Benner twp—Geo Dale
Burnside—Sebastian Fisher, Rudolph Mullholland.
Boggs—W D Harper, Sam'l Pletcher, M H Mackey, John Hays.
Ferguson—Aaron Swineford, C D Miller, Levi Hustonborder, Conrad Frye, Amos Royer, J M Gates, David Miller.
Gregg—Henry Krumrine, Geo Krape, C P Rearick, Abraham Lose.
Howard—Micheal Pletcher, J. W. Hall.
Haines—Daniel Smith.
Huston—Jno W Stewart, Geo W Miles.
Half Moon—Jno A Hunter.
Liberty—Joseph Pletcher.
Marion—Geo S Hoy.
Miles—H G Miller, Sam'l Brumgard.
Penn—Daniel Feidler, H G Smith, Jac Karstetter.
Potter D M Henny.
Rush—Wm Washburn.
Taylor—Daniel Henderson.
Walker—Wm Harris, Levi Whippo, Gershon Biddle, Charles Harshberger.

—FEARFUL ENCOUNTER OF A WOMAN WITH A PANTHER—SHE SLAYS THE MONSTER WITH A PINE KNOT.—The Lock Haven Republican brings the following story: A gentleman of Gallaher township furnishes us with the particulars of a fearful encounter in the woods on Queen's Run, in which a young woman proved herself one of the truest and bravest heroines that ever had occasion to struggle for life in the wilds of Pennsylvania. For certain reasons, we omit names.

On Thursday, the 17th inst., the young woman referred to and a party of several other persons went upon Queen's Run mountain to gather huckleberries. The day was fine, the berries plenteous, and the party went each her separate way whereever the prospect seemed most inviting. The young woman had gone several rods in advance of the others, and was rapidly filling her pail with the luscious fruit, when she was startled by a fearful scream, and the crackling of bushes, as though some heavy animal were approaching. A single glance in the direction from which the sound proceeded, assured her only too well that she was not alone. At a distance of not more than ten feet, a huge panther had crouched for his fatal spring, and the glare of his eyes and the frantic lashings of his tail told that she had but a moment to prepare for the encounter. To attempt flight would be certain death; to stand her ground and fight the brute seemed plainly her only chance of life. The leap was made, but the young woman sprang aside, and the beast, alighting far beyond her, stumbled and fell as he struck the earth. This was the decisive moment. Quick as lightning she seized a huge pine knot and sprang for the prostrate animal. A single blow on the back of the head partially stunned him, but he regained to his feet, and in his blind, stupid rage, seized her skirt with his paws and tore them to fragments. But the first blow decided the victory in favor of human bravery and skill, for with a few more well directed strokes she laid the monster dead at her feet.

But where were the rest of the party? They heard the first scream of the panther and fled, leaving our heroine alone to her fate. Running to the settlement, they rallied a party of men, who went back well armed, prepared to slay the panther, and to gather up the bones of their friend, which they expected to find well picked and stripped of all semblance of humanity. Judge of their surprise when they met her about half way, with the rags of her garments wrapped about her, and her arms and face covered with blood, but walking firmly and steadily, with the light of triumph in her eye. She led them back to the battle ground, and there lay her enemy prostrate, silent, harmless, dead, though his muscles still quivered with the excitement of a quarter of an hour before. They measured his length, which they found to be six feet and ten inches.

An Act, to prevent stallions, bulls buck sheep, and boars, from running at, large in Clarion and Centre counties.

Sec. 1, From and after the passage of this act it shall not be lawful for any stallion, bull, buck sheep, or boar, to run at large in the counties of Clarion and Centre.

Sec. 2, That it shall be lawful for any person to capture and take up any stallion, bull, buck sheep, or boar found running at large as aforesaid, and to detain the same until the owner or owners thereof shall claim and demand said property, and pay to the person so taking up and detaining the same, the sum of five dollars for each and every stallion or bull, and two dollars for each and every buck sheep or boar, together with fifty cents per day for the keeping of the same for each and every day from the capture to the reclamation of the said animal or animals; *Provided*, that it shall be the duty of the person so taking said animals, within twenty-four hours thereafter to give notice to the owner or owners of said captured, where such owner or owners are known, and where such owner is unknown to give public notice by three printed or written handbills, put up in the most public places in the township or borough in which said animal was taken up, properly describing such animal and fixing the time and place where such animal will be sold if not reclaimed by the owner or owners thereof, and in case no person appears within ten days after such notice or advertisement to reclaim said animal by paying the sums hereinbefore provided for, then it shall be the duty of the person having posession of the said animal at the time specified in such notice and advertisement, to sell every such animal at public sale or outcery, and after deducting the penalty and costs of keeping hereinbefore provided for, and the costs of advertisement if any, to pay the balance to the treasurer of the school fund of said township or borough, for the use or benefit of the owner of such animal if claimed by him within one year after such date.

Sec. 3, That the provisions of the second section of this act shall not be enforced in cases where such animals have broken out of, or escaped from good and sufficient enclosures without any negligence or default on the part of the owner except so far as relates to the cost of keeping such animal during the period of detention by the person capturing the same.

Approved, April 10th, 1873.

DEATHS.

On the 2d inst., Charles Franklin, son of John R. and Frances Sheffler, of Pleasant Gap, aged 5 years, 9 months and 21 days.

On the 21st ult., at his residence in Gregg twp., Stephen Kenelly, in his 68th year.

PUBLIC SALE!

Will be sold, at the late residence of Nicholas Deckart, dec'd, in Potter township, about 3 miles south east of Potters Mills, ON WEDNESDAY, the 20th OF AUGUST, the following personal property: 1 MARE, 2 MILK COWS, 5 HEAD OF YOUNG CATTLE, 3 Calves, 2 Hogs, one 2-horse Wagon, one 1-horse Wagon, Springwagon, Timberwheels, 1 two-horse Sled, 1 one-horse Sled, Timbersled, Stonecart, Threshing Machine, Clover Machine Fanning Mill, Hayhook and Tackle, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Horsegears, single Harness, Forks, Rakes, one set of Blacksmith Tools, Carpenter Tools, 1000 Poplar and Pine Boards, &c. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, when terms will be made known by

THOS. B. M'ELROY,
31jul Executor.

A SUGAR VALLEY FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.

The valuable Farm of George Gramly, dec'd, about ¾ mile south of Logansville, Clinton county, is offered at private sale. It contains

83 ACRES OF LAND,

of which 12 acres consist of Timberland, the balance being under good cultivation. Thereon are erected a TWO-STORY FRAME HOUSE, BANK BARN, Smokehouse, Springhouse, Woodshed, &c.

There is running Water at the house and at the barn.

Also, a thriving YOUNG ORCHARD on the premises.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned,

JONATH. GRAMLY,
Sugar Valley, or
JEREMIAH HAINES,
Rebersburg,
31july2m Executors.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, there will be exposed to public sale, on the premises,

On Friday, August 22, 1873,

At 1 o'clock p. m., that valuable Farm, known as the property of Micheal Kreamer, situate in Haines township, about 1 and a half miles South of Aaronsburg, containing

139 ACRES AND 4 PERCHES,

Neat measure, the improvemonts thereon consist of

Two Dwelling Houses, Large Barn,

Saw Mill, Cider Press, and all the necessary outbuildings. Also an Orchard of choice Fruit and a good Spring of never failing Water, at the door. About 95 acres are cleared and in a good state of cultivation, the balance is well timbered with

White Pine, Sugar, White Oak, &c.

TERMS.—One Third of the Purchase money to be paid on confirmation of Sale; One Third in One Year; and the remaining third at the death of the Widow of said deceased. The two last payments with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

GEORGE BOWER,
july24 Administrator.

MURDERED FOR MONEY.

Williamsport, July 24.—In telegraphic dispatches yesterday morning brief reference was made to the murder of Isabella M'Bride, an aged lady, several miles from Williamsport, and the terrible beating of her husband. Since then we have obtained the following particulars of the horrible butchery and the object which impelled its perpetration: In a farm house near Linden, about four miles and a half from Williamsport, equidistant from the Philadelphia and Erie railroad and a public road, resided a couple aged about 75 years. The building located is about 300 yards from the raiload and can be plainly seen by passengers on the various trains which pass that point. The house is reached from the public road by a lane, and no habitation is within 300 or 400 yards of the place. The conple were known as quiet and unobstructive people and possessed no social qualities. They had few visitors and abstained from calling on others unless absolutely necessary. They had lived at the spot for many years and were the owners of two large farms in the neighborhood. Besides it was generally believed that they had secreted in the house a large quantity of gold—some placing the figure as high as $35,000. The knowledge the house contained but two occupants, and they old and feeble, and that thousands of dollars of gold were in their possession, was communicated to a brakeman on the Philadelphia and Erie railroad named Nelson Wade years ago, and on Tuesday evening he carried into execution the diabolical design which he had doubtless nourished for a long period. The man and wife were just making preparations to eat their supper, the edibles having already been placed on the table, when a visitor suddenly made his appearance. Mrs. M'Bride had gone toward the cellar on the outside with a crock of milk, and the door leading to the basement being closed she placed the earthen vessel on the doorstep. As she proceeded to open the cellar door she was violently assaulted with a club by the stranger, and although pleading for mercy the monster continued his brutal and cowardly attack on the unprotected woman until she lay weltering in her blood and death ensued. This fiendish act accomplished Wade took the club with which he had murdered Mrs. M'Bride and with the blood dripping from it rushed into the house and applied it to the head of the husband, until he supposed he had killed him. He was now master of the terrible situation and commenced a search for the gold which he thought was in the house. He succeeded in obtaining, it is said, about $9000.

The Murderer Caught.

On Wednesday night a man apparently intoxicated entered a house of prostitution in Williamsport and was very extravagant in the expenditure of his money. He exhibited more gold coin than is ordinarily possessed by individuals, and this led to his arrest, as the police were given word.

They soon made their appearance at the house and took the man into custody. He was examined, and in his pockets were found about $9,000 in gold. He offered no resistance to the officers, and after a brief interval confessed he had committed the murder and stolen the gold after the perpetration of the crime, besides making revelations as to how he had proceeded about the bloody business. The fiend is now in irons in the Lycoming county prison, from which he will not emerge until he is brought out for trial.

Machinery manufactured at Williamsport, by Philip A. Moltz, for the Nittany Valley Marble works, has been received on the grounds and will soon be in operation cutting and shaping the marble.

—Miss Beckie Rocky, daughter of John Rocky, of Spring township, met with an accident on Monday last. Her brother was hauling in grain and the load upset. Beckie was on the load and of course fell over with it. She was thrown against a large rock, smashing the large bone of right arm fearfully, besides receiving a large cut over the right eye, and being otherwise seriously injured.—Rep.

—Gov. Hartranft was in Pennsvalley last week; he passed through Potters Mills and the Loop to Farm School.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

The following accounts have been examined and passed by me, and remain filed on record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, auditors, and all others in any way interested, and will be presented to the orphans' court of Centre county, on Wednesday the 27th day of August next, for confirmation and allowance:

1 The account of Jacob Snavely, administrator of Jacob Krater, late of Penn twp., Centre county, dec'd.

2 The acc't of Levi Snook, guardian of Elizabeth Weaver, minor child of Henry Weaver, late of Miles twp. dec'd.

3 The account of Levi Snook, guardian of Aaron Weaver, minor child of Henry Weaver, late of Miles twp. dec'd.

4 The account of Sam'l Harter, guardian of Charles B Leitzell one of the children and heir of Philip Leitzell late of Miles twp., dec'd.

5 The account of Wm. Keller, guardian of Precilla J Sweany, minor child of George Sweany, as filed by his administrators John H. Keller and David Keller.

6 The account of Amos Clemson guardian of Amellia Ray, minor child of David Ray late of Half Moon township, dec'd.

7 The account of Samuel Gramley, one of the Executors in the last will and testament of Harrison Smull late of Miles twp. dec'd.

9 The account of L. D. Kurtz, administrator of Charles Kurtz, late of Haines twp., dec'd.

10 The account of George Musser administrator of James Musser, of Ferguson twp. dec'd.

11 The account of Joseph Jones, administrator of Moses V. Mayer, late of Philipsburg, dec'd.

12 The Second Supplementary account of Adam Vonada, surviving executor of Henry Vonada, of Haines township, dec'd.

13 The account of Charles Beck, guardian of John H. and Charles S. Beck, children and heirs of Simon Beck, dec'd.

14 The account of J. W. Mattern, executor of Amos Funk, late of Philipsburg, dec'd.

15 The account of John Kerstetter, guardian of Wm. F. Ungart, late of Penn township, dec'd.

16 The account of Elizabeth Ungart administrator of Joseph Zerby, late of Gregg twp., dec'd.

17 The account of Frederick Zettle administrator of Frederick Zettle, Sr., late of Gregg twp., dec'd.

18 The administration account of Rob't Goheen, on estate of Nathan Corbin, late of Harris twp., dec'd.

19 The account of John R. Taylor and Benjamin Stover, administrators of Geo. Stover late of Gregg twp., dec'd.

20 Supplementary administration account of Wm. Holt, administrator, late of Snow Shoe twp., dec'd.

21 The account of Ebenezer Records, guardian of Mary Brown, minor child of Andrew Brown, of Worth twp., dec'd.

22 The account of James Green, administrator of Susan Mitchell, late of Harris twp., dec'd.

23 The account of James Martin, trustee to sell the real estate of James Martin late of Walker township, dec'd.

24 The final account of J. P. Gephart, trustee to sell the real estate of George Garlick, late of Benner township, dec'd.

25 The guardianship account of John H. Holt, guardian of E. Reed, minor child of E Reed, dec'd.

26 The account of S T Gray, and John C Gray, executors of John Gray, Jr., as filed by S. T. Gray, acting Executor.

27 The administration account of Geo. Ligington administrator of B. K Shope, dec'd, as filed by A. O. Furst, Esq., executor in the last will and testament of Geo. Livingston.

28 The account of John Harshbarger and C. F. Harrich, administrators of Wm. Martin, late of Walker, township, dec'd.

29 The account of Albert Owen, administrator of Jacob Haberocker, late of Philipsburg, dec'd.

30 The account of John P Harris executor in the last will and testament of Patrick Kline, dec'd, of Bellefonte.

31 The account of John Bing, administrator of Henry Gates, dec'd of Union twp.

J. H. MORRISON.
Register, Bellefonte.

THE NUMBER NINE.

A German went to the lottery office in Louisville the other day, and inquired for ticket No. 9. He either wanted 9, or 99, or 999, or 99,999. But no other number would satisfy him. On inquiry as to his reasons for wanting this particulur number, the following acts in his life were learned: He came to this country when 9 years old. After he had been here 9 years he got married. Nine months after the wedding his wife gave him a child. The baby, when 9 days old, was christened. He lived with his wife 9 years, and during that period she presented him with 9 children. Then he had a fuss with her, and she banged him over the head 9 times with a beer keg, from the effects of which he lay in bed 9 days. He then left that wife and had only been a grass widower just nine years on the day he applied for the ticket. He hoped with ticket No. 9 to draw money enough to recuperate his finances, which were reduced to $9, which he offered for the ticket. On being informed that there was no ticket remaining the number of which was composed entirely of 9's, he looked dejected, but immediately went out and drank nine glasses of beer. Then he returned and said he would wait until only nine tickets were left, and then would take them all.

Readers will recollect the singular case of the Jersey City Chief of Police, McWilliams who was charged with being accessory to a bank burglary in that city. He is now on trial for alleged complicity in that affair, and the direct testimony of Dennin, one of the burglars (now under sentence for the crime), as given yesterday, is an amazing story. If Dennin tells the truth, McWilliams availed himself of his official position to aid in the burglary, and then prepared a plan for the rescue of the burglars after they been arrested and lodged in prison. So far, however, the direct evidence against McWilliams is derived solely from a man who is under a twenty years' sentence in the State Prison.

—And now a hen of S. R. M'Clintic, of Centre Hill, is astonishing the world with big eggs. The size of three of them laid by this hen in five days, is, first 7¼x6½ inches, 2nd 8¼x6½, 3rd 8¼x7½ inches. That's doing finely.

Advertise in the Reporter, as every body reads it.

Treasurer.

We are authorized to announce the same of H. G. Smith, Esq., of Penn township, as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of John H. Barnhart, of Spring township, as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Jno. B. Mitchell, of Ferguson township, as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Thomas Yearick, of Haines township, as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the rules of the Democratic County Convention.

Commissioner.

We are authorized to announce the name of George Meyer, of Ferguson twp., as a candidate for Commissioner. Subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Henry Cornman, of Miles township, as a candidate for Commissioner. Subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Mr. S. M. Winter, of Miles township, as a candidate for Commissioner. Subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Jonath. Kreamer, of Harris twp., as a candidate for Commissioner. Subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letter testamentary on the estate of Nicholas Deckart, late of Potter township, dec'd, have this day been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

THOMAS B. M'ELROY,
july 18.6t. Executor.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF BENNER TOWNSHIP.

Sam'l Yearick Sup. for 1872, in account with Benner twp.

1873		DR.
June 10, To bal. due at last settlement		$144 61
Apr. 14, cash from Audit'rs	102 00	
" " cash from R. Conley	15 00	
" 14, amount from Conley's Duplicate	9 00	
" 14, am't of Dup.	740 29	
		——$1011 50
1873		CR.
Apr. 14, By receipts from		
" " sundry persons	$305 36	
" " Work on roads	610 76	
" " Exonerations	5 48	
" " Services rendered	48 00	
June 2 Per cent. on Dup.	36 94	
" " Cash to Auditors.	4 96	
		——$1011 50

Richard Conley Supervisor for 1871, in account with Benner twp.

1872		DR.
June 10, To bal. due at last settlement		$329 88
		——$329 88
1873.		DR.
Apr. 14, By receipts	$112 20	
" " By cash to Auditors	133 35	
June 14, Bal. due twp	84 33	
Thomas Marshall Supervisor for 1872, in account with Benner twp.		
1872.		DR.
To am't of duplicate	$680 12	
" " " order on Auditors	160 00	
To am't from R Conley	60 45	
		——$900 57
1873		CR.
June 2, By work on roads	$409 37	
" " " new roads opened	263 03	
" " " services rend'r'd	35 00	
" " " exonerations	4 27	
" " " per cent. on dup	33 70	
" " " bal. due twp	155 11	
		——$900 57

John Lutz Poor Overseer, 1872, in account with Benner twp.

1872		DR.
June 10, To bal. due at last settlement		$45 47
		——$45 47
1873		CR.
Apr. 14, By medicine for paupers	4 27	
" 14 by attorney's advice, (A. Hoy)	10 00	
" 14, by service rend'r'd	14 00	
" 2, by cash to Auditors	17 20	
		——$45 47

O. P. Hassinger Poor Overseer, 1872, in account with Benner twp.

1872		DR.
June 10, To bal. due last settlement		$421 03
		——$421 03
1873		CR.
Apr. 14, By services rend'd	$20 00	
June 2, " receipts	166 82	
" " " cash to Aud't's	14 00	
" " " bal due twp	220 21	
		——$421 03

Auditors in account with Benner twp.

1872		DR.
To bal. at last settlement	$162 93	
" cash from R. Conley	122 00	
June 2, 1873, To cash from John Lutz	17 20	
" 2 O. P. Hassinger cash	14 00	
" " J. W. Wilson cash	3 42	
" " cash from Samuel Yearick	4 96	
" 14 Cash from R. Conley	31 35	
		——$355 86
1872.		CR.
Aug. 24, by cash to Thos. Marshall	$180 00	
Apr. 14, 1873, by cash to Sam'l Yearick	162 00	
May 4, by P. Gray Meek publishing statement	15 00	
June 5, by Auditing	14 00	
" " " bal due twp	66 87	
		——$355 86

H. L. HARVEY,
GEO. ZEIGLER,
J. M. KEPHEART,
CHRIST. DALE, Auditors.
Clerk.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1,65, Red 160....Rye.....75.....Corn 50 ....Oats 35.....Barley 60. 70.....Cloverseed 5,00 .....Potatoes 45. Lard per pound 7.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 15.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 8 .....Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS

White wheat 1,65....Red wheat 1,60....Rye 65.....Corn 42.....Oats 35.....Barley 60.....Cloverseed 5,00.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 50 per sack..... Bacon 106.....Ham 15.....Butter 15... Eggs 15.....Plaster 9 50

HOUSE and LOT FOR SALE.—A lot of ground, at Potter's Mills, thereon erected a two-story dwelling House, with good Wagonmaker Shop, a good Stable, and all necessary outbuildings, is offered at private sale, on reasonable terms. There is a well of never failing water, with pump, near the door. For further particulars apply to MRS. KATE SHAFER,
11apr3m Potters Mills.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letter testamentary on the estate of John Reynolds, of Miles twp., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement to Mr. JOHN WOLF, of Miles twp., to whom I have given a power of Attorney, to transact all business for said estate.

CHRISTIANA REYNOLDS,
june25-6t Executrix.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of David Jordan, late of Potter twp., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.

AARON LUCKENBACH,
july10.6t. Adm'r.

HARTLETON

Steam Tannery.

HARTER BRO'S.

Hartleton, Union county, Pa.

This Tannery has now acquired the reputation of manufacturing some of the best leather in the State.

Calf Skins and Home made and City Sole leather, always on hand.

Highest market price paid for Hides and Bark.

Plasterers' Hair, &c., always on hand.

Hides left with Wm. Harter, in Haines twp., will be paid for at highest Cash prices.
july10.tf.

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Linen Pants,
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White, Duck Vests,
Alpaca Coats, Pants,
and Overalls for
working men.

Men's and Boys Hats, latest styles of Boots, Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers.

TRUNKS, VALISES, and a full stock of Mens' Furnishing

Farm, Garden and Household.

How to Treat Horses.

Not one of the domestic animals is so much akin to men with reference to feelings and ambition as the horse, for when he sweats with a heavy load, when he gets into difficult places, and when he is hurt by his harness or saddle, he shrinks almost in the same way that a man does. His nerves seem to be equally sensitive with ours, and especial pains should be taken to see that his harness sets easily and does not gall him, and during this hot weather the lightest rig possible should be used, and every superfluous strap removed. The harness of the horses drawing the street cars of New York is without breeching back or belly-bands; in fact, there is nothing but bridle, reins, collar, and tugs, which is ample when horses plow, and also when put to a wagon, providing the ground is level and there is a good brake. Let the stable be airy and clean, and when work is done for the day, let the horse roll if he will, and then bathe his limbs, back and flanks. If it is absolutely necessary to use a back-band, the owner should be careful to see that it is not too short, or buckled too tight, and that the pad is soft and kept in good order. It is absolutely disgraceful for a farmer's horse to have a sore back, because it signifies that his owner is both careless and cruel. A sore back is a serious annoyance, and three or four weeks with the best of treatment are required for a cure. If, however, the cause remains wholly or only in part removed and the healing scab is broken and irritated the sore may become almost incurable and the animal become of little value. It should be a good cause for criminal prosecution if an owner permits his horse to get into this condition. The remedy for old sores is pulverized burnt alum to eat away the proud flesh, and for fresh ones soap suds, but, probably luke-warm water is better. Harsh, irritating applications whether for outward or interior ills, should be avoided, for they indicate profound ignorance in him who prescribes. Much good has been reported of homeopathic treatment, and quite likely (as the opposition would say) for the reason that nature effected the cures.

Sheep and Cows Grazing Together.

An experienced correspondent of the *Practical Farmer* from Eastern Pennsylvania, after enumerating a list of very tempting profits realized from sheep, advises that farmers do not rush headlong into the business; but that those who have sheep retain them, and that those who have none procure and try a few upon their farms, and see if there be not a profit in keeping them. A few sheep can be profitably kept on almost any farm, as they will feed upon some things that other stock will not touch, will entirely eradicate some kinds of weeds—and what they thus consume will not be missed at the end of the year. As to grazing sheep and cows on the same pasture, the writer says: "I will conclude by giving a summary of my own experience in sheep husbandry. I have been farming and keeping sheep nineteen years. During the last seven years I have been keeping thoroughbred Southdowns, carefully selected from some of the best flocks in the country. My lambs have averaged me $10 apiece, and the wool $2 for each sheep. I think I can keep one sheep and one cow to every acre on a given amount of pasture land just as well as to keep the cow alone. In regard to alleged injurious effects affirmed by some of keeping sheep and dairy cows in same pasture, I will state that I have never observed them; and if there was any injurious effects resulting from the practice it would be confined to the short space of time intervening between first turning to pasture and harvest, say from the middle of May to the 1st or middle of July. Sheep prefer and will cling to the old pastures, while cows are continually seeking and longing for new."

Charcoal for Fowls.

The benefit which fowls derive from eating charcoal is, I believe, acknowledge. The method of putting it before them is, however, not well understood. Pounded charcoal is not in the shape in which fowls usually find their food, and consequently is not very enticing to them.

I have found that corn burnt on the cob, and the refuse—which consists almost entirely of the grains reduced to charcoal and still retaining their perfect shape—placed before them, is greedily eaten by them, with a marked improvement in their health, as is shown by the brighter color of their combs, and their sooner producing a greater average of eggs to the flock than before.—*S. Rufus Mason in the Poultry World.*

Beet Sugar in California.

Two sugar beet factories have been established in California, and they are still doing well. They produce annually 1,500,000 pounds of nice white sugar. The companies raise their own beets; still they buy of farmers whenever offered at $4 a ton. The yield is 15 tons to the acre, and the cost of raising is $40, leaving $20 profit. The beets are sown tolerably thick since large roots are coarse, and do not yield as large a percent. of sugar as smaller ones. The only variety grown is the White Silesian. The mills work about 72 tons a day. A part of the product is molasses and alcohol, and large numbers of cattle are fed with the pulp which is worth $2 a ton, making the beets actually worth $6. The yield of sugar is not far from 10 per cent.

Milking Young Heifers.

The owners of pet Jersey cows have so often said that they might be milked up to the time of calving, that Mr. Waring was induced to try the experiment on a part of his herd at the Ogden farm. In the last *American Agriculturist* he says that in every case there has been trouble with the udder, and thus far the flow of milk is less than it was after the previous calving. Hereafter he will endeavor to dry off his cows a month before calving.

How Princes Tell Their Love.

It seems that, at one time, some stripling of a prince with ample means, and who knew that the thing had got to be done up handsomely to produce an impression, decided to send an Easter egg to the damsel of his love, who, in this case, happened to be a princess of the royal house of Saxony. So he called a skilful jeweller to his aid, and the order was given. The result was an Easter egg such as had never been seen before, and has certainly never since been equalled, which to-day is preserved in the Green vault. Prince and princess have passed away, but the ingenious trinket remains to tell how the scions of royalty told their love in the days of old. To the ordinary observer it is an egg, and nothing more. But close examination reveals a line of separation which encircles it, and further search discloses a spring. Touching this, the egg shell, which proves to be of gold enamelled to represent a shell, open, and reveals a chick, fledged, with every part counterfeited, but all of gold, enamelled. Turning the little fellow over, and touching a concealed spring, the body opens, revealing another egg of smaller dimensions. This, also of gold, and also enamelled, opens like the first; and now we come to the kernel of the whole affair, an elegant solitaire diamond ring, the stone of wonderful beauty and clearness of water, and worth a small fortune in itself. The writer's memory of genealogical facts is not so strong, and as the earlier editions of the Almanach de Gotha are not at hand, he cannot say whether the lady accepted her princely suitor, but it is very certain that she accepted the egg, for it is still in the strong rooms of the house of Saxony, a curious and costly trinket.

A Western traveler suggests a new sleeping-car regulation, which shall prohibit porters from extracting a passenger's well-polished boots from under his pillow, and charging twenty-five cents for setting them on the floor in front of his bunk.

The Koo-too.

The performance of the koo-too or kow-tow, a degrading ceremonial on being formally presented to the Emperor of China, has been a fertile source of discord, few ambassadors from any European court being willing to submit to so very odious an act of abasement. Lord Macartney, in 1793, condescended to go through the ceremony in a perfunctory way, which was accepted as sufficient. Lord Amherst, however, in 1816, declined to do even so much, and it is doubtful if any English Ambassador will ever again be expected to perform the koo-too in proper style. Any one wishing to know what the ceremony really is, may satisfy his curiosity by perusing the account given of the reception of an ambassador from the Czar Peter of Russia, in 1719, the writer being John Bell, of Autremoney, a Scottish gentleman attached to the Russian Court: "On the day," says this amusing chronicler, "appointed for the public audience of the Emperor, horses were brought to our lodgings for the Ambassador and his retinue; the Emperor being then at a country house, called Tzanshuyang, about six miles westward from Pekin. We mounted at 8 in the morning, and about 10 arrived at court, where we alighted at the gate, which was guarded by a strong party of soldiers. The commanding officers conducted us into a large room, where we drank tea, and stayed about half an hour till the Emperor was ready to receive us. We then entered a spacious court, inclosed with high brick walls, and regularly planted with several rows of forest trees, about eight inches in diameter, which I took to be limes.

The walks are spread with small gravel; and the great walk is terminated by the hall of audience, behind which are the emperor's private apartments. On each side of the great walk are flower-pots and canals. As we advanced, we found all the ministers of state, and officers belonging to the court, seated upon fur cushions, cross-legged, before the hall, in the open air; among these, places were appointed for the ambassador and his retinue; and in this situation we remained, in a cold, frosty morning, till the emperor came into the hall. During this interval, there were only two or three servants in the hall, and not the least noise was heard from any quarter. The entry to the hall is by seven marble steps, the whole length of the building. The floor is finely paved with a neat checker-work of white and black marble. The edifice is quite open to the south; and the roof supported by a row of handsome wooden pillars, octangular, and finely polished; before which is hung a large canvas, as a shelter from the heat of the sun or inclemencies of the weather.

After we had waited about a quarter of an hour, the Emperor entered the hall at the back-door, and seated himself upon the throne, upon which all the company stood. The master of the ceremonies now desired the ambassador, who was at some distance from the rest, to walk into the hall, and conducted him by one hand, while he held his credentials in the other.

Having ascended the steps, the letter was laid on a table placed for that purpose, as had been previously agreed; but the Emperor beckoned to the ambassador, and directed him to approach, which he no sooner perceived than he took up the credentials, and attended by Aloy, walked up to the throne, and, kneeling, laid them before the Emperor, who touched them with his hand, and inquired after his Czarish majesty's health. He then told the ambassador that the love and friendship he entertained for his majesty were such that he even dispensed with an established custom of the empire in receiving this letter.

During this part of the ceremony, which was not long, the retinue continued standing without the hall, and we imagined, the letter being delivered, all was over. But the master of the ceremonies brought back the ambassador, and then ordered all the company to kneel and make obeisance nine times to the Emperor. At every third time we stood up and kneeled again. Great pains were taken to avoid this piece of homage, but without success. The master of the ceremonies stood by and delivered his orders in the Tartar language, by pronouncing the words *Morgue* and *boss;* the first meaning to bow, and the other to stand; two words which I cannot soon forget."—*Chambers's Journal.*

Remedy for the Bites of Rattlesnakes and Mad Dogs.

I see in your paper of June 27 an article on hydrophobia. I thought I would send you an article, which you can publish if you please.

I came to Galesburg in 1837. Soon after my arrival I found there were many rattlesnakes to contend with. We used to kill from twenty to thirty every year.

A few years after our arrival two of our neighbors had two of their little boys bitten by rattlesnakes; they suffered most intensely and finally both died.

As I had four little boys I felt very much alarmed, and what to do or how to manage I did not know, though I thought I would get high-top boots, as the little boys that were bitten and died were bitten in their ankles.

Soon after this I found two colts bitten on their noses. Their heads and necks were swollen back to their shoulders, so much so that they could not suck. I thought I would try spirits of turpentine; I bathed and rubbed their heads and necks with my bare hand three times thoroughly between 6 o'clock in the evening and midnight; in the morning the swelling was entirely gone.

Since that time I have had several valuable cows bitten, and all I did was to bathe them thoroughly with spirits of turpentine, which proved a perfect remedy. The milk, which is very poisonous for several days, I throw into a vault, so that nothing can get at it.

When a person gets bit by a mad dog, spirits of turpentine is a sure remedy, though the person that is bit should take a few drops of turpentine in some brown sugar for several days.—*Cor. of Chicago Tribune.*

Russia's New Railways.

The Russian Government is now engaged, says the *Eastern Budget*, in considering a plan for constructing a new network of railways in the Empire, which would comprise frontier lines of railway of a total length of 4,000 versts. The railways now existing in Russia constitute a complete strategical railway system, which is based on the three principal lines to St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kieff respectively. All the central points of the military system of European Russia are thus easily attainable by railway—and it is now proposed to adopt a similar plan in Asiatic Russia. The main line is to proceed direct from St. Petersburg to Tashkend. M. De Lesseps' proposal has now been definitely declined by the Russian Government. On the other hand, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Prince Orloff, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, has, we are told, informed M. De Lesseps' that the Czar has auhorized M. De Lesseps' son and M. Cotard, engineer, to travel in the Russian provinces between Orenburg and Samarcand, to survey the country with a view to the construction of M. De Lesseps' projected railway."

Look Out for Horse-Thieves.

Our rural friends are advised to keep a sharp watch on all strugglers and strangers offering horses for sale. Chicago and her suburbs are infested with these villainous pests, who make nightly raids on the stables in and around the city. Many valuable equines have turned up missing lately. It is the practice of the thieves to run them into the agricultural districts and dispose of them to unsuspecting farmers, who are only too willing to buy because an apparently cheap bargain is offered, which in too many instances proves to be no bargain at all, for very frequently the stolen animal is traced and recovered, and the purchaser has to whistle for the money he has paid to the thief. Farmers in the country cannot be too careful. "Forewarned is forearmed."

Change of Climate.

We are often asked the question whether there is any evidence of a change of climate, or whether with all the local variations in the seasons, the climate of New England is not essentially the same as it always has been. We are not of course prepared to answer the question authoritatively, and we have generally been of the opinion that the climate has not changed materially since the country was first settled by white men. This opinion was based on the fact that severe droughts, severely hot summers, and severely cold winters were known from the earliest days of the colony, and we have summers that are as oppressive and difficult to bear as any that our forefathers could have sweat under in the last century.

Upon the general question of a gradual change of climate, however, we are now prepared to reply in the affirmative, that is, that changes have taken place and are still taking place, that prove beyond all doubt that local climates may become quite different affecting wide sections of territory, or extensive regions of the surface of our globe, though it must be admitted that the data for basing an accurate estimate of the extent of these climatic changes are comparatively recent, or of modern origin. The means of making accurate meteorological observations, which alone can settle such a point, are of modern origin, and anything that dates beyond them becomes to a greater or less extent, a matter of conjecture, and is involved in more or less doubt and uncertainty.

As an example of well authenticated climatic changes, we may mention that Iceland and Eastern Greenland are very much colder than they were five hundred years ago. In Iceland the immense trees which used to be common there have ceased to grow, though there are abundant evidences of the large growth at a former period, say in the fourteenth century, while on the opposite shores of Greenland, several valleys that were known to have been inhabited formerly, have become wholly inaccessible in consequence of having been invaded by ice.

Moreover, accurate thermometric observations have conclusively proved that for a century, at least, the cold has somewhat increased at many places in Germany, at Ratisbon, Prague, Hamburgh, etc., the month of December having become relatively much colder, while January has become warmer than it was formerly. The mean temperature of England has increased two degrees in the last hundred years; the increase for the single month of January being no less than three degrees, and the general climate of France has become milder and more equable, notwithstanding certain changes in particular localities, which indicate that their climate is more severe than formerly. Evidence of this appears in the fact that the vine is no longer successfully cultivated on the shores of the Bristol Channel, nor in Flanders, nor in Brittany. In neither of these localities can grapes ripen now except in uncommonly favorable years, though history and chronicles tell us they once produced exquisite wines.

So far as certain localities are concerned, not only science, but material facts, go to show great changes of climate, for the titles of property running back to 1561, state that formerly the vintage took place at the height of two thousand feet on the sides of the mountains of Vivarais, where now the vine no longer bears fruit. In one section of France, the culture of the olive tree has retrograded or moved from nine to ten miles to the south in a hundred years, and the sugar cane has disappeared from Provence, where it was once acclimated.

Paper Collars in Summer.

One of the saddest comings home is when the husband and father comes home to put on a paper collar. The last collar has resolved into pulpy rolls, and come up back of his ears or disappeared within the recesses of his hair. The shirt-band is moist and helpless, and inclined to roll under, carrying the back button with it. His neck is wet and slippery, and all the windows are down, and the door is drawn to. By the time he has found the back button and got the collar hitched to it, it seems as if the air was about to stifle him, and if he would suddenly melt and spoil the carpet. He sends up the windows with a snap, and kicks the blinds open with his foot, and brings that door back with a velocity that almost scares it. Then he goes to work to fasten one of the ends, and while he is at it, the back button-hole suddenly melts and dissolves. He tries another collar. Gets the back and one end fastened, commences work at the other end, and is about intoxicated with his success, when the first end suddenly collapses. He sits down a few moments before trying the third collar, and wishes he really knew if there is future punishment, and wonders where his wife is. Then he makes another trial, with similar results, and dashes out of the house, saying that if he had nothing more to do than gadding to the neighbors, he would make collars that his husband could wear. Fortunately, his wife is next door, learning a new crochet stitch, and does not hear him.

Curious Will Case.

The Troy *Times* relates the following concerning a well-known citizen of that place, who in 1845 married an estimable lady there:

"For a while a they lived happily together, but on account of family dissensions in 1848 they signed an agreement that they would live apart. The fruit of their union was a daughter, who remained with the mother. Some time after the husband, presuming he had been legally divorced, married again, and shortly thereafter his wife followed his example. In time the gentleman's second wife died, leaving him a son, and a few years ago he again married. The first and third wives are still living, but a few days ago the gentleman died, leaving the bulk of his property, amounting to $35,000, to his last wife and family, consisting of two children. Since the death of the gentleman it has transpired that, not having been divorced from his first wife, he committed bigamy in marrying again. The first wife will now bring an action, through her counsel, to break the will, which has not yet been presented for probate. She claims that when the will was made her husband was not in his sound mind, and that undue influence was exerted over him. She will claim dower in all real estate transactions, and has engaged counsel to prosecute her claim in behalf of herself and daughter, the latter being also married. All the persons are of the greatest respectability, and the case is a very hard one for all concerned."

The Canada Pacific Railway.

The Board of Directors at Montreal have accepted the terms of Sir Hugh Allen for the construction of the Canada Pacific Railway. Assuming that this contract means business, we shall have within a few years four trans-continental railroads north of our Mexican boundary—the Canadian, and our Northern, Union Central, and Southern Pacific roads. And there will be scope and verge enough for them all, for each of these lines is so far separated from the next that each will have a great section of the country to itself between the longitudinal line of the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean, and each will have its own settlements and trade to build up *en route* and some advantages of its own on the Pacific Coast.

The Union Central Pacific, the pioneer line, is doing a business which ought to pay handsomely; the Northern Pacific, on the eastern division, is in operation to Bismarck, far up the Missouri River, and on the western side it is making good headway. The Southern Pacific, upon which they are at work actively, will probably be finished before the Northern Pacific, or within the next three years. The Canadian road—well, we must wait till they actually break ground upon it before we can enter into any conjectures as to the probable time of its completion. We have no doubt, however, that Sir Hugh Allen is in earnest and means to build the road.

The Arabian Horse.

The Arabian is still one of the most distinct varieties of this noble animal, and also one of the most prized, being eagerly sought for by the Turks and Christians in Asia, Southern Russia, India, and even Australia. In his native deserts he is still sometimes to be seen in a half-wild state, though most probably owned by some of the "dwellers in tents" peculiar to that region. But it is the most domestic breed with which we have chiefly to do, and which is carefully preserved in a pure state by the chief of the various tribes, though it is supposed not so free from stain now as was formerly the case. The head of the Arab horse is the most beautiful model of nature, giving the idea of courage tempered with docility and submission to man better than any other animal, and even more so than the dog.

It is seldom, perhaps, that so beautiful a frame exists; but examples are not wanting of such a union of elegance with perfect good and useful points. The length and muscularity of the forearm are also remarkable, and the setting on of the tail is peculiarly high—points which have been generally transmitted to our thoroughbred horses, descended from Arabian blood. Many modern horses of this breed are exceedingly wicked and full of tricks, especially in India, where an Arab horse is synonymous with a kicker and biter, and plunger; but at the same time he is valued because he is always a good hack, and bears out the heat of the Indian Summer without injury. To the modern sportsman he is valuable because he faces the elephant and tiger better than any other breed. In height, he is generally a little under fifteen hands high; and in color, either bay, black or gray.

The Barb is an African horse, of smaller size, but of coarser make than the Arabian, and evidently fed on more nutritious food. As his name implies, his native land in Barbary; but there is always great doubt as to what particular breed the imported horses belong, because they are carried considerable distances from their native plains, and are also then mixed in blood. It is generally supposed that the Barb is the progenitor of one root of our best English stock, and the Godolphin Arabian, as he was called, belonged to this blood; but the disputed point cannot possibly be settled, as there is only one argument in favor of the supposition, founded upon his enormously high crest; while his superior size, being fifteen hands high, argues just as strongly in favor of his Arab descent. But the Spanish horse is, no doubt, descended from the Barb, thus having been carried into Spain by the Moors when they overran the country; and, as the appearance of the Spanish horse is totally opposed to that of the descendants of Godolphin, it is still stronger proof of the Arabian ancestry; or, at all events, an argument against his claim to Barbary as a native climate.

Milk as Medicine.

The London *Milk Jounal* says, on the authority of Dr. Benjamin Clarke, that in the East Indies warm milk is used to a great extent as a specific for diarrhœa, stomachache, incipient cholera, and dysentery. The milk should never be boiled, but only heated sufficiently to be agreeably warm, not too hot to drink. Milk which has been boiled is unfit for use. This writer gives several instances to show the value of this substance in arresting this disease, among which is the following: "It has never failed in curing in six or twelve hours, and I have tried it, I should think, fifty times. I have also given it to a dying man who had been subject to dysentery eight months, latterly accompanied by one continual diarrhœa, and it acted on him like a charm. In two days his diarrhœa was gone, in three weeks he became a hale, fat man, and now nothing that may hereafter occur will ever shake his faith in hot milk." A writer also communicates to the *Medical Times and Gazette* a statement of the value of milk in twenty-six cases of typhoid fever, in every one of which its great value was apparent. It checks diarrhœa, and nourishes and cools the body.

People suffering from disease require food quite as much as those in health, and much more so in certain diseases where there is rapid waste of the system. Frequently all ordinary food in certain diseases is rejected by the stomach, and even loathed by the patient, but nature, ever beneficent, has furnished a food that in all diseases is beneficial—in some directly curative. Such a food is milk. The writer in the journal last quoted, Dr. Alexander Yale, after giving particular observations upon the points above mentioned, viz.: its action in checking diarrhœa, its nourishing properties, and its action in cooling the body, says: "We believe that milk nourishes in fever, promotes sleep, wards off delirium, soothes the intestines, and, in fine, is the *sine qua non* in typhoid fever." We have also lately tested the value of milk in scarlet fever, and learn that it is now recommended by the medical faculty in all cases of this often very distressing children's disease. Give all the milk the patient will take, even during the period of greatest fever; it keeps up the strength of the patient, acts well upon the stomach, and is in every way a blessed thing in this sickness.

Method of Embalming.

The Brunetti method, by which Mazzin's body was recently embalmed, is said to be even more effective in the preservation of the dead than that of the ancient Egyptians. It consists of several distinct processes: 1. The circulatory system is cleansed thoroughly by washing with cold water till it issues quite clear from the body. This may occupy from two to five hours. 2. Alcohol is injected, so as to abstract as much water as possible. This takes about a quarter of an hour. 3. Ether is then injected, to abstract the fatty matters. This occupies from two to ten hours. 4. A strong solution of tannin is then injected. This occupies, for thorough imbibition, from two to ten hours. 5. The body is then dried in a current of warm air passed over heated chloride of calcium. This may occupy from two to five hours. The body is then perfectly preserved, and resists decay; and the Italians exhibit specimens which are as hard as stone, and retain perfectly every detail of form and feature.

The Lion's Fear of Man.

Lichenstein says that African hunters avail themselves of the circumstance that the lion does not spring upon his prey till he has measured the ground, and has reached the distance of ten or twelve paces, where he lies crouching upon the ground, gathering himself for the effort. The hunters, he says, make it a rule never to fire upon the lion till he lies down at this short distance, so that they can aim directly at the head with the most perfect certainty. He adds that if a person has the misfortune to meet a lion, his only hope of safety is to stand perfectly still, even though the animal crouches to make a spring—that spring will not be hazarded if the man has only nerve enough to remain motionless as a statute, and look steadily at the lion. The animal hesitates, rises slowly, retreats some steps, looking earnestly about him, lies down, again retreats, till having thus by degrees got quite out of what he seems to feel as the magic circle of man's influence, he takes flight in the utmost haste.

Bleeding at the Nose.

This is commonly a harmless affection, although individuals have repeatedly been known to have died from it. In childhood and early youth it is idiopathic, dependent upon active congestion. In old age it is symptomatic, and the result of passive congestion. When habitual, its suspension betokens disease or danger. Various means are adopted for its control—raising both arms over the head and holding them for a time, is usually successful. The best remedy, when it can be obtained, is a bunch of common tansy held to the nose, and the aroma snuffed up into the nostrils. How it acts we do not know, but we are certain it stops the nose bleed.—*Exchange.*

Walworth's Departure for Sing Sing.

Early in the morning Sheriff Brennan proceeded to the Tombs and informed young Walworth, convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to imprisonment for life, that he must prepare for his removal to Sing Sing. The convict's mother and grandmother with his younger brother had visited the Tombs previous to the arrival of the Sheriff and had already bidden him farewell. There was no special sanction manifested by either Walworth or his relatives, his mother and himself maintaining the same unmoved demeanor that they have preserved since the committal of the crime. There is probably a latent hope on the part of both that the term of imprisonment may be shortened by the interposition of the Executive, but at all events the parting was not what would have been expected of such near relations bidding each other a life-long adieu. A carriage had been provided by Walworth's relations that he might go to the station like a gentleman and not ride in the prison van as a common criminal, but the Sheriff refused to permit any such distinction to be made between Walworth and the other criminals, and had the boy murderer chained to the wife-murderer Gillen, who also goes to Sing Sing for life. Allen the burglar, and Greenfield, convicted of grand larceny, were brought out from their cells, chained together, and seated in the van with Walworth and Gillen. The load of sin was made up by the addition of four others of lesser note, sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and then the doors were barred and bolted and the van driven off to the Forty-second street depot. A large basket of flowers had been brought to the prison by some lady friends of the convict: but he was not permitted to receive them, and they were taken in charge by his mother, who, with his other relatives, entered the carriage they had designed for him and followed the prison van to the depot. A large crowd had collected in and around the depot, drawn thither from curiosity to see the departure of the parricide for his life-long country residence, and the officers had great difficulty in forcing their way through to the car, and even after the party was seated in the car the crowd pressed eagerly round it to catch a last glance at the party within.

The Local Editor.

The following is borrowed, and it is the best we ever had a local editor lend us:—"If a man buys a new buggy, or if his cow can bawl three times without winking, the local is expected to proclaim it with a grand flourish. If he starts a two-penny business, his first thought is to bribe the local with a five cent cigar to write a five dollar puff. Indeed, he thinks it is a mission of the local to make his fortune for him by 'free blowing.' He will take the local to one side and point out the superior qualities of a rat terrier dog, and coolly ask him to 'give him a hoist.' He don't care anything about it, only Spriggins has a dog which he thinks is a buster, and some of 'em wanted his put in just to take the conceit out of Spriggins. Everybody wants to be 'put in,' but no one says, 'Here, local, put yourself inside of this new suit of clothes, or throw yourself outside this oyster stew, or stuff this watch into your pocket.' Oh, no, of course not; that would cost something. The shoe is on the other foot, you see.

The local is supposed to know everything about other people's business, and is expected to show up all the actors in every family broil in town. If the vile tongue of scandal finds a victim, people wonder why he don't run about with his note book and gather up the vituperative bits of slander for his paper. If he steps into a billiard hall he is requested to make a note of the astonishing fact that Bill Tompkins has made a run of eleven points. When the minstrel troupe arrives in town the agent immediately rushes into the printing office, and calling for the local he slips three or four tickets in his hand, and whispers, "Draw us a big house! Put it in strong!" and patting him patronizingly on the shoulder the agent admits the inferiority of the troupe, but we are not to 'let on.' It is no sin for the local to lie. To please the lecturer the local is forced to sit two mortal hours to hear him through an insipid discourse, so that he can 'write him up.' And so it goes. All are anxious to appear favorably in print, but few are willing to pay for it! The local's time is worth nothing, but to bother his head writing puffs for ambitious persons. It doesn't cost him anything to live. He never eats, drinks or travels, and money is of no use to him. Put it in! Put it in!"

Bitten by a Rattlesnake.

At Cornwall, N. Y., Joseph Hulse, a wood chopper, was bitten by a rattlesnake. While on Storm-King Mountain, five miles up, he encountered a serpent, and, wanting one for a friend who had rheumatism, the belief of many hereabouts being that snake grease is a cure for it, he chased the snake, which took refuge in a wood pile, and Hulse seized him by the back of the neck, but so far from the head that it contrived to turn and plant one of its fangs in the index finger of his right hand. Hulse held fast to his snake nevertheless, stamped his head off, and then spent half an hour in looking for white ash leaves, which are believed to be an antidote for the poison. He found none to suit him, however, and started for Cornwall. He was bitten at 7, and it was eleven o'clock when he reached the village, and Dr. Beattie was summoned.

At this time the arm and finger were very much swollen and very gangrenous, the action of the heart had almost ceased, and the man seemed like one in a state of intoxication. Dr. Beattie hastily cut the finger open, and administered two quarts of whisky in twenty minutes; laudanum and quinine were also given in large quantities, and notwithstanding the loss of three half pints of blood from the finger, the pulse increased, and Hulse became perfectly conscious. He is, after eleven days, in apparently good health, with excellent appetite, but as black as any African in New York. The black is occasionally streaked with blue, purple, and green, which appear and disappear alternately.

Gold in New Hampshire.

The Boston *Transcript* remarks that it is some seven or eight years since the discovery of gold-bearing quartz in Lisbon, which, at the time and for a year or two subsequent, caused considerable excitement among the inhabitants of the section of country near by, and brought to the town many persons of speculative tendencies and others who really meant business. The rock from the different quartz veins was thoroughly tested by fire assay, and found to be gold, bearing from $10 to $150 to the ton of ore; a company was formed, shafts sunk in two places, two quartz-mills erected and furnished with the most approved machinery, and the business of gold-mining was begun in earnest. But owing to the existence of the baser metals in the ore, the gold salvage was less than the expense of mining. For a year or two new comers, with new ideas, made trials of the rock, all being satisfied from the tests that sufficient gold existed to pay a handsome profit to the successful operator. The matter finally became so discouraging, from failures in every instance, that the operations were abandoned and the works have lain idle till this summer, when the work has been started anew by a party from Philadelphia, who has for a certainty discovered the method of working necessary for this particular rock. The recent operations have been most successful, the ore yielding $85 per ton, and a profit of more than $50 per ton to the operator.

The champion lobster has been captured about twenty miles from Portland, Me. It measured three feet ten inches from tip to tip of the extended claws, and would require about twelve heads of lettuce alone to dress it into a salad.

Labor in Massachusetts.

From the fourth annual report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor it appears that the number of acres of Improved land has decreased seventy per cent, since 1850, and the cash value of farms has decreased five per cent. During the same period manufacturers have taken gigantic strides, and villages have sprung up on the banks of every steamlet with power enough to run a mill. What is the cause of the decline of farming? If farms are very valuable it should be when the country is thickly settled and numerous busy cities and towns afford ready markets for produce. It is true that New England must depend on the West for corn, flour, and pork. But there will always be a demand for all the fowl, eggs, vegetables, fruits, milk, and cider that home can produce. But the patent fact is that farming is on the decline, and the reason obvious to those who have any practical acquaintance with New England farming is that the young men don't like the plough. The mills and factories make help scarce and high-priced; and the old notion about beginning work at daylight and retiring at dark is as exploded on the farm as it is in the workshop. New England has no grateful soil. It needs careful and attentive tillage. But where not too heavily sown with boulders, it will repay expenditure. Of course, the young man can't expect to keep his paper collars and his cuffs as clean on the farm as he could standing behind a counter or a bar; but he will have his reward in robust health, and a sense of self-support and independence.

Iron-Clad Vessels.

The invention of iron-plates to protect vessels is far from being of as recent date as is generally supposed. During the 12th century, the Normans covered their ships, from the water-line up, with an iron casing, terminating in a ram on the bow. Still earlier they had adopted a system of protecting the upper works with metal shields. In 1534, Peter of Arragon ordered his ships to be iron-plated in order to protect them from the burning missiles then in common use. In 1530, the squadron of Andre Doria contained a vessel built by the Knights of St. John, which was armored with several thicknesses of iron. At the battle of Lepanto, several ships protected their batteries with bars of iron. For two centuries, no progress seems to have been made. In 1782, at the siege of Gibraltar, an engineer officer constructed six ships, which were the types of the modern iron-clads. They were covered with an armor of hard wood, leather, and tar iron. It is said that they resisted the fire of the forts for a long period, but were finally sunk by red hot shot.

The Beggars' Bridge.

Several centuries ago, a certain Grand Duke of Florence built a bridge without expense to the State. He issued a proclamation that every beggar who would appear at the grand plaza at a certain designated time, should be provided with a new suit of clothes free of cost. At the appointed hour the beggars of the city assembled, whereupon the officers caused each avenue of the public square to be closed, and then compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave to each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, which is still known by the name of the Beggars' Bridge.

What Manufacturing Does.

There is many a city and town that will appreciate the following: One manufactory employing a hundred men will support an additional 500 people. Three hundred families will disburse annually on an average, $800, or $75,000 in the aggregate. This money will be drawn into the town from the outside, where the manufactured goods are consumed, and the interest of this $75,000 at 10 p.r cent. would be $7,500. These hundred families, too, would require a hundred houses, thousands of pounds of agricultural produce, and thousands of yards of cotton and woolen goods, thus giving health and impetus to every branch of industry.

THE SKEPTICAL CONVINCED. — Every advance in Medicine, every new remedy has encountered an opposition, which is the test of truth. Galen and Jenner only were believed when they had proved their discoveries against opposition. But men are observing, and benefits always make believers. No incredulity can stand the silent argument of good results. When Dr. Walker proclaimed that he had produced from the medicinal herbs of California an Elixir that would regenerate the sinking system and cure diseases not organic, the incredulous shook their heads. Yet his VINEGAR BITTERS is now the Standard Restorative of the Western World. The truth could not be resisted. Under the operation of the new remedy, Dyspeptics regained their health, appetite and strength, the Bilious and Constipated were relieved of every distressing symptom; the Consumptive and Rheumatic rapidly recovered; Intermittent and Remittent Fevers were broken up; the taint of Scrofula was eradicated! Who could gainsay facts like these? Not even the Faculty. Skepticism was routed. All doubts as to the claims of the Bitters to the first place in the first rank of modern medicines were silenced, and this wonderful preparation is to-day the most popular Tonic, Alterative, and Blood Depurent ever advertised in America. In common with other journalists, we are free to add our testimony to this remedy. It is a domestic medicine, and no household should be without it.—*Com.*

A Richmond (Va.) court has decided that a clean shave on Sunday before church is of the nature of a religious rite, being necessary "for a due observance of the Sabbath;" and therefore that barbers cannot be restrained from officiating on that day.

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It has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and comforter of the missionary and traveler, on sea and land, and no one should *travel on our lakes or rivers* without it.

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If you are suffering from INTERNAL PAIN, *Twenty to Thirty Drops in a Little Water* will almost instantly cure you. *There is nothing equal to it.* In a few moments it cures

Colic, Cramps, Spasms, Heart-burn, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Flux, Wind in the Bowels, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache.

CURES CHOLERA, when all other Remedies Fail.

It gives Instant Relief from Acting Teeth.

In sections of the country where FEVER AND AGUE prevails, there is no remedy held in greater estimation.

FOR FEVER AND AGUE—Take three tablespoonfuls of the *Pain-Killer* in about half a pint of hot water, well sweetened with molasses as the attack is coming on. Bathing freely the chest, back and bowels with the *Pain-Killer* at the same time. Repeat the dose in twenty minutes if the first does not stop the chill. Should it produce vomiting (and it probably will, if the stomach is very foul), take a little *Pain-Killer* in cold water sweetened with sugar after each spasm. Perseverance in the above treatment has cured many severe and obstinate cases of this disease.

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It is an External and Internal Remedy. For Summer Complaints or any other form of bowel disease in children or adults, it is an almost certain cure, and has without doubt, been more successful in curing the various kinds of CHOLERA than any other known remedy, or the most skilful physician. In India, Africa and China, where this dreadful disease is more or less prevalent, the *Pain-Killer* is considered by the natives as well as by Europeans a certain cure. IT IS A SURE REMEDY; and while it is a most efficient remedy for pain, it is a perfect fresh medicine in the most healthful hands. It has become a household remedy, from the fact that it gives immediate and permanent relief. It is purely vegetable preparation, made from the best and purest materials, safe to keep and use in every family. It is recommended by physicians and persons of all classes, and to-day, after a public trial of thirty years—the average life of many useless and unrivalled and uncalled spreading its usefulness over the wide world.

Directions accompany each Bottle.

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A DOSE every two days is the way to take Shallenberger's Fever and Ague Antidote. *One dose* stops the Chills, and a cure is certain.

The New Era in Virginia.

Virginia seems to be at last entering upon the career of prosperity for which she is so eminently qualified by the extent and variety of her resources, the diversity of her productions and the salubrity of her climate. A small but steady flow of immigration has set in for that State, which must exercise an important influence on her future destinies. The new comers are more distinguished for intelligence and vigor than for numbers. They belong to the very best and move desirable classes. From nearly all parts of the State we hear of small companies of persons from England, Scotland, Germany, France, and other European countries purchasing lands and settling down to the cultivation of the soil. And, perhaps better still for Virginia, persons from other States are making their home in the Old Dominion. Only a few days ago land was purchased in the vicinity of Manassas for twenty-five families from Michigan, part of whom have already arrived. Nor is this an isolated case. In all parts of the State are to be found newly-settled Northern families who appear to be well satisfied with their condition and prospects, and whose relations with the people of the State are of the most cordial character. The new comers, for the most part, possess capital and resources which enable them to occupy an important position in their new homes.

Nor is this all.